

# CAVALCADE

JULY, 1954

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HEALTH—FACT OR FICTION?

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THE SHOCKS PEOPLE GET

—page 56



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# CAVALCADE

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VOL. III, No. 3

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## NEXT MONTH

For, I suppose, most surrounded  
table Harry Tracy, but none  
was quite so ga and glib.  
Title of his story is "Tales  
Of The North West" and the  
author is James Hollingshead.  
James explains that  
"Ranch Agent" Al Hickey,  
while Ray Wilson says,  
"John Doe Of The West",  
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# Mad, Bad and DANGEROUS TO KNOW

When Caroline Lamb  
met after a man she got  
her. But when she got Lord  
Byron she found herself out-  
witted by her mother-in-law.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB was a  
spook, wilful, witty, daring of  
it. Her father was the Earl of Bea-  
verley. Her husband was the heir  
of Lord Melbourne.

One sweet morning in 1812 she  
decided that she wanted the gallant,  
magnificent, but artless, Lord  
Byron. He was the tempestuous  
“husb of the boudoir” and was infat-  
uated by a wave of success and  
public adulation. His wild, scandalous  
affairs and romantic poetry were  
the talk of England.

All social London schemed to meet him. Messengers with invitations to  
various functions stopped traffic in  
St. James Street, where he had

taken rooms. Scores of beautiful women set their caps at him and  
readily planned his conquest. The  
competition was fierce—but, but  
Caroline Lamb was determined to  
catch this one man whom all the  
noble nymphs of the day coveted.

“I must see him,” she begged a  
neutral friend. “I am dying to meet  
him.”

“He has a club foot and lutes his  
recks,” she was told.

“I don’t care if he is as ugly as  
Amp,” snorted Caroline. “I must  
see him.”

The friend shrugged his shoulders.  
Two days later he arrived there  
at a ball. The affair that developed

between them is one of the most  
romantic and titillating in history.

That night she wrote in her diary,  
“Bad, mad and dangerous to know,  
but that beautiful, pale face is my  
life.” She did not realize it, but the  
words, “Bad, mad and dangerous to  
know,” were quickly summed up her  
own personality than the poet.

Caroline was born in 1797. She  
grew into a piquant, skin-faced  
spite. Her figure was slight, her  
eyes a sparkling hazel, and her hair  
fell in short, pale, golden cords.

The evening of competition  
prompted her to dress up in trumpery.  
She took frequent fits in which she  
groaned and moaned and tore her  
clothes from her body.

Marriage, it was hoped in her family,  
might quieten Caroline down. Her  
mother—middle-aged but still attractive—Lady Bessborough — looked  
round for a suitor.

She found him in a dull, plodding,  
young politician whom she had  
long numbered among her own admirers. He was the preening but  
unimpressive William Lamb, later to be Lord Melbourne, Prime  
Minister of England and the confid-  
ant and adviser of the young Queen  
Victoria.

Caroline was 20 when she married.  
The ceremony went without a hitch  
until the bride suddenly decided she  
abstained the officiating bishop. In a  
fit of rage, she tore her dress to  
shreds and had to be carried tumbling  
from the church. An hour later  
the marriage was completed. Caroline  
departed for her honeymoon, still  
“in a violent mere storm.”

The seven years that followed be-  
fore she met her first real love in

Byron were similarly tempestuous  
and embittered for William Lamb.

But all the scandals excepted  
with which the frivolous Caroline  
drew her husband to distinction before  
she met Byron faded into insignificance  
when she got really started on that epoch.

It was an age accustomed to scandals,  
but Caroline and the poet lived  
so recklessly, and with such a lack  
of discretion, that they became the  
talk of England.

Byron called daily and the two  
spent hours clustered together in her  
private room. No sooner had he  
left—as the return of her husband  
became imminent—from a procession  
of pure boys began an almost hourly  
deluge of love letters, poems,  
flowers and tokens from one to the  
other.

They went through a mock mar-  
riage ceremony, exchanging rings in  
deadly seriousness and vowing vows  
of constancy which they signed  
“Byron” and “Caroline Byron.”

A secret after was not what Caro-  
line wanted. The whole world must  
know she had triumphed over her  
husband for the poet’s love. Accord-  
ingly, they were constantly together  
in public—at the opera, driving in an  
open carriage in the park, at the  
special functions of the brilliant Lon-  
don season.

The town littered with stories  
that Caroline visited the poet late  
at night in his apartment. Even she,  
however, could not bear the  
scandal of making such calls openly.

She adopted a disguise. The porters  
at Byron’s chambers were be-  
cause familiar with a slim, wild-eyed  
page boy—an plumed hat, silver-  
lined jacket and morot pantaloons  
who called frequently at late hours

with messages for the poet. William Lamb heard of the group and was not sufficiently interested to take any action. Beweared in his political career, he only desired of his wife was that she should leave him alone.

However, William Lamb was no fool. He knew his Caroline and her character — and that the affair would eventually collapse of its own accord.

He advised his friends who prodded the lovers would stop, with epithets such as "They neither wish nor intend going," was his wise verdict. "With simply like the fear and interest they create."

His mother, Lady Melbourne, and Caroline's mother, Lady Blessington, could not treat the matter so lightly. Fearing of gossip and scandal, they did all in their power to break up the affair.

They tried tears and entreaties without success. The beautiful Lady Melbourne then had the knowledge of warning the poet himself and subtly discrediting Caroline in his eyes.

The conquest was not difficult. Lady Melbourne had been tantalizing a smiling George IV before Caroline Lamb was out of sight, and before Byron had first turned his romantic eyes on his fallen's smiling倾城女。

Lord Byron was to reach parity in her experienced hands. After a week of her sustained attack on his feelings, the poet was penning his fulsome declarations of love.

In her regular Caroline's ardent motherly solicitude required to prevent numerous little books to set Byron thinking about his beloved—and her faults.

"Really, Caroline seems to be behaving better," wrote Lady Melbourne on one such occasion. "She is now only troublesome in private and a great bore in public."

Before long under such attack, Byron was over his infatuation for Caroline. The problem was thus to get rid of her.

At the first hint that his ardor was cooling Lady Lamb flew into a tantrum. She shamed him, wept and threatened suicide.

To make matters worse, Byron had set out to conquer the beautiful but unscrupulous Lady Oxford. She assumed an attitude that he must first talk with Lady Lamb before she would consider him.

As a result, Byron wrote an unusually sexual letter to Caroline that was to send her over the precipice into actual insanity.

"As to yourself, Lady Caroline," it concluded, "present your visits which have become ridiculous, count your opinions an abomination, enjoy the excellent flow of spirits which make you as delightful as the dove at alight—but leave me in peace."

For a fortnight, after receiving it, Caroline was confined to herself in a state of nervous collapse. She slowly rallied from it.

She got up with one thought — vengeance. Her servants were packed out in new livery. On the bottom she had inscribed: "To Count Byron!" — "Do not believe in Byron," is possibly of his motto. "Trust in Byron."

In her garden she nightly buried him in effigy on a huge bonfire. She danced round the flames in a frenzy and fed them with locks of his hair, presents and love tokens he had given her.

As she danced, Caroline chanted

a dappled verse she had written for the occasion:

"Look not thus on me, so grave  
and sad;  
Shake not your heads, nor say the  
Lady's mad."

In her heart, however, Caroline Lamb was still madly in love with the lame poet. She sent him a stream of letters in the hope she could revive the ardors of the once-fervent officer.

Byron did not reply. Caroline tried to get in to see him, but was turned away by the porter. Undeterred, she returned disguised as a servant. She put past the porter and into the poet's room—in fact him engaged in censorious defiance with the legless Lady Oxford.

The next morning they met was at a ball. After bitter words, Lady Lamb rushed into another room, broke a glass and raked her arms with the shards frantically. She was prevented from cutting her throat with a serving knife she snatched up, by the alert Lady Melbourne, who had followed her.

Caroline would not believe Byron had lost his love for her. She continued to plague him with plots to reverse the affair.

"You talk to me about keeping her off!" Ryan wrote to Lady Melbourne. "It is impossible. She comes in at all times, at any time. The moment the door is open, in she walks."

Once Byron returned home to find the unhappy woman had visited his apartment while he was absent. She left a note. It contained nothing but the painful query, "Remember not?"

Byron's reply took the form of this verse:

"Remember them Aye, doubt it not,

The husband too shall think of these,  
By neither shall they be forgot;  
These tales to him, thou need to tell."

Even this did not disengage Caroline Lamb. She continued to beset the poet until he married and, later, left England. The rest of her life she spent as a restless vagrant, king of such tramps as walking hitherto through the streets of Brussels when on a European tour.

The end of drama in 1829. On her deathbed she summoned her faithful husband. He recited to her side from Ireland, as she knew he would.

When he finished the poem, a happy smile crossed the woman's placid face.

"I know he would come," she whispered to a nurse. "He has never failed me; I wish I could have loved him more." Two days later, Lady Caroline Lamb was dead.

#### LORD BYRON



# LET THE CROWDS ROAR

RAY MITCHELL



There are more "incidents" in tennis than in other sports. These give tennis a bad name.

**W**HAT is wrong with tennis players? In recent years there have been a series of incidents which are a disgrace — and would be in schools. Tony Trabert, U.S. Davis Cup representative, created a stir in the Australian championships, when opposed to John Newcombe, veteran ex-Davis Cup player. Leading by two sets, Tony had the match won when he suddenly took offence at the crowd's cheering of Newcombe's great stroke. From then on, Tony lost point after point, until Newcombe won by three sets to two.

Any world class player who, leading by two sets, loses the match to

a veteran no longer in world class, is in a bad position, because only one of two things can save his honor from such a winning partner: either he suffers an injury, or he loses his temper. Trabert did not suffer an injury. He became so incensed at the crowd's cheering of the veteran that he threw the game away.

That incident was not an isolated one. While playing against Australia's leading player, Lew Hoad, in the vital Davis Cup singles in the 1953 Davis Cup, Tony complained bitterly of the partisanship of the crowd towards Hoad. What would Trabert expect—that the crowd would

want Tony to win? This was the vital singles, the man who won that match would place his country in a winning position for the Cup. Had Trabert won, USA would have won that Cup, if Hoad won, the score would be two-all, with one singles match to play.

The crowd at Kooyong that day did not hurt Trabert when he won a point; rather it gave Tony his due and cheered his winning points and great stroke play. But of the abuse for Hoad's sets were louder than the ones for Trabert, isn't that natural?

Such conduct on the part of a man who is supposed to be a sportsman, is unacceptable. Not only did it shame Trabert as a bad sportsman, but it reflected on his country—USA. And, coming on top of many more exhibitions of bad sportsmanship by other players, it reflects on tennis as a game.

Trabert follows American Davis Cup players. Vic Seixas, however, became annoyed at calls from the crowd at the White City Australian Championships in January, 1954, that he called to a spectator to come down onto the court and do better. That spectator, enraged away by the play, had been indiscriminate enough to harass the American. The crowd that day clapped the Aussie for winning points and thus irritated Seixas to such an extent that he slipped himself when he scored a winning point!

The Americans are not alone in these displays of bad sport behavior. It is an record that Murray Rose, of Australia, threw his racquet onto the court at Wimbledon last July

Rose has been within a point of winning in many important matches, but because he missed a point, has become so upset that he did not con-

centrate on his game from then on and he lost.

In the 1952 NSW championships, Rose was playing either Vic Seixas and was up three match points, when overhead please disturbed his concentration. Rose lost. But, with his now-trusted control of himself, the Rose of today could go on to world honours.

Vic Rose has seen the light. He has realized that such lapses have cost him championships. Now he does not let those lapses distract him and he is a much better player. He has gained control over himself and the new Rose was evident at the 1954 Australian championships. In the semi-finals he ignored his critics and went on to defeat Ken Rosewall. Then, in the final, he again played well, ignoring the crowd's partiality towards Max Hartwig, ignored his critics, ignored the noise, and he won the final. Why don't more other players realize what Rose has learned?

In the days when players played in long points, instead of shorts such instances of bad sportsmanship and lack of concentration were rare. Then, even more than now, concentration was essential, because the game was played from the baseline and rallies went on for several minutes. With the present-day play of serve-and-rush-the-net, rallies are seldom over for more than a few seconds. Service is all-important. Thus, today, there are more players more or less on an even keel, similar as ability is concerned. The game today is faster and because there are as many of almost equal ability, nerves are more tested, even though today's players do not need as much concentration.

Perhaps there is the explanation for some of the匣urans displayed by today's players. They hear the crowd's cheer; they feel the name better than "I could not concentrate on account of the noise," they say.

Concentration is a matter of personal control of mind. If you cannot concentrate it is not the fault of the crowd, but of your own lack of control. If you learn that control, the crowd's roar becomes just an much background sound effect. If you hear reactions by themselves, you have no concentration.

Why is Lews Head the best singles player in the world today? He has a powerful serve; he is a good all-round player. But the reason you think that that, Lew can dominate. He never lets the crowd annoy him, nor does he allow his bad shots to influence his future play. Head is a sportsman; he is cool. These two aspects make him a popular player. They also make him a better player.

It is a fact that the good sportsman does farther in his sport than the bad sportsman. Picture the boxer who is a bad sportsman. He loses his temper if he loses once. How far does he get in the game? Such a man is the answer to the prayer of every boxer, because the man who loses control of himself is a wild-open target in the boxing game.

It is refreshing to see good sportsmen in action in any sport. In tennis we have seen some good exponents of sportsmanship. In that Australian singles match between Trabert and Brewster, John showed what a fine sportsman he is by wanting to forfeit to Trabert when Mr. Brewster was leading 5-3 in the

final set. Why did he want to forfeit? Because, he said: "I am a veteran. Trabert has everything to gain by winning the Australian than I am only helping to make up the number. Let Trabert win." That is sportsmanship. But his offer of forfeiture was not accepted. And John could not play badly enough to lose from that position.

Tennis players do not like harrasment; they do not like the need to show sportsmanship; they like the crowd to keep quiet. Picture a night at the stadium. Picture a boxer who is annoyed at the crowd's pertinacity, or the crowd's cheering of his opponent, or their hooting of himself. Picture that boxer letting those things worry him. What would happen? He would be knocked out. Now picture a boxer, in the middle of a fight, walking to the ropes and offering to fight a spectator. It is ridiculous!

Turn to cricket. "Get a bag!" "Take 'em off!" You, you have heard those phrases and many more. Does the cricketer act like the tennis player? Those few who have shown temperament on the field have been booted until they with they had lost match; those bowlers who have lost their temper have been hit for six as their bowlers became misdirected.

What about football or baseball? Could you keep those crowds quiet? Hardly. Does their noise worry the players? Hardly. Because of the honours, footballers, cricketers, baseballers let themselves be worried about the crowd; they would cease to be first-class exponents of their sport. And there are always others to take their places.

Of course, we have men who have thrown away their clubs and chose

the crowd. But they are playing as individuals, not as national representatives. Apart from which, crowds do not sit for hours in the one place, but are at liberty to move around with any golfer they choose.

Are tennis players a race apart? Evidently they think they are. There is one aspect tennis players evidently do not consider. That is that the game is bigger than the player; the crowd is what keeps the sport going as a paying concern. Fans pay their money to watch sports. Having paid this money they are entitled to hoot if they are not satisfied with what they have paid for. Every sport must get public support or it will die.

At Eskyong, in December, 1950, when Australia successfully defended the Davis Cup, 12,000 fans sat in the rain to see Trabert and Head. They sat in the rain for 4½ hours. Among the spectators was the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies. He sat with his hand to watch the thrilling play. No one left the stands. They paid to watch the tennis. Having paid, and having been prepared to stay under wet conditions, they were entitled to cheer as they saw either or both of them did not like some aspect of play.

If a sportsman does not appeal to them they stay away. It is the sport which draws the crowd; it is the sportsman's spirit which wins the awe of the crowd. There will always be a home coming when a favorite is playing. Professionals know this. Evidently amateur tennis players do not worry because they are not paid a percentage of the takings. On the other hand, professional tennis players play hard and with good sportsmanship because they know that upon

#### ANSWER QUESTIONS

A fire almost burned out the ranch —  
The owner wanted some cash  
But he could not get the insurance,  
They wouldn't do anything so much.  
They told him they'd rebuild the ranch —  
(Which left her spell in mind)  
"If that's the way you do business,  
Cover the insurance on my wife!"

— RAY ME

these two aspects—ability and sportsmanship—rest their breed and batten.

But, as stated before other amateur sportsmen in spheres other than tennis, play the game without controls. So why not tennis players?

Good players should be able to play, irrespective of the type of play. Their nervous condition is just what they themselves make it.

If there is a antagonism between player and crowd, it is up to the player to improve relations. It is not up to the crowd. The player is one individual; the crowd is made up of thousands of individuals.

Concentration and sportsmanship are essential in all good players, no matter what their sport. If these tennis players who drew their requests to the ground and offer to fight someone in the crowd cannot take the crowd's roar, then these players should play quietly in their own homes. We do not wish to see them.

# AXES IN THE FOREST



JAMES WESTON

The old ranger was faced each day with men like this, but they were not killing trees. They were bad to the bone.

AS soon as Art Lawson hit the timber camp I knew there was no love lost between him and Wayne Forney. I was with Wayne, setting traps the north road hill, when Lawson jumped off the truck that had brought him from the Town and I saw Wayne tense and a white line run along his forehead where the muscles had tightened.

Lawson passed us without a sign of recognition, but I was watching him closely and caught the reddening gleam he flung at Wayne, and I had a odd presentiment that there was murder deep in those eyes. I looked at Wayne.

"Know the new ticket?"

He shook his head slowly. "For a minute I thought it was someone I

used to know. He looked like him."

"He looks like a good fella would do him good. Haven't been out in the sun much by the look of his white skin. If he wants to stay on this camp hill I have to be dead," I said, with all the pride of a loyal trooper run in my voice.

But I shouldn't have worried about Lawson. He was good. A little rusty, as though he hadn't had much practice for some time, but a good man with the axe. After a few days he was as much a part of the life of the camp that my early forebodings were forgotten.

They were brought to mind sharply, however, one evening behind the men I was coming up from the river after working in the cold water,

and the deepening dusk hid me from the two figures standing there.

"You wasted a long time for that, Faraday, too long to forget what you did. Just keep that in mind and think of the conditions that made happen out there," Lawson said softly, and turned on his heel.

I noticed Wayne was very quiet after that. For two days I thought it over, not wanting to interfere where I wasn't wanted, but feeling that a man's duty was to at least share his mate's trouble. So I waited for him when the truck dropped us at Five Mile and walked through the timber with him.

"Wayne," I said, "why don't you come clean about Lawson?"

I think he must have been expecting some such question because he didn't look surprised. He shrugged his shoulders.

"There's not much to tell," he said. "Lawson was mixed up in a shady deal some years back and I gave evidence against him. He never held me over me one day. I thought he'd get over it, but it doesn't look as though he has."

We walked on in silence. I dropped back slightly so that I could watch him, noting the droop of his shoulders and carrying Lawson with heartfelt sympathy. What the hell did he want to come here for upsetting things? I thought of telling him he wasn't wanted, but I knew that would achieve nothing. He was the kind of man that didn't forget, and if he claimed his revenge today there was always tomorrow.

But Lawson didn't wait for tomorrow. I realized later that he had laid his plans with seeming care, working his way into the confidence of the foreman and the men he

worked with, and studying the best means of getting Wayne on his own.

Usually the fallers work in pairs, left and right hand, cutting the stand and rapping into the heart of the tree with the keen axes, but on this particular day Wayne had been sent to clear the way for the gray and mark the trees to be felled. My job was to slash the trees and strip the upper branches so that, when the tree fell, the tender would be around to the top. So we were alone at the upper end of the valley.

I hauled on the steel climbing beats, with the axe and spikes on the side, and slipped my climbing rope around a smooth knur. The rope would almost bleed red over the spikes as I sank them into the soft cedar wood and went up the trunk steadily, like a spider on a window-pane. One hundred and fifty feet up I past the first branching and stopped to look down.

Wayne had moved out to the right so that the branches I dropped would not fall on him. I watched him clearing the undergrowth with quick, smooth strokes of his axe and somehow the thought of Lawson and the hate in his heart seemed out of place in the peacefulness of the valley. Far away over the mountains the sunlight shone off the snow and over the valley lay a drawn blue mist.

I dragged myself back to safety and went on with my job, working over the tree and then climbing to the crown. Wayne was well over to the right and I could not see him until I was half way up the next tree. He looked up and waved and I grinned back at him.

The tree I was on was not quite as high as the previous one, but

some of the branches had become snarled by the weather and I had to be careful not to get tangled with them. I dove one sticky limb and watched it fall. Then I froze, and only for my safety belt I would have fallen.

Working his way up the slope was Lawson. He was keeping to the bushes and, but for my directions, I would have missed him. As it was, the bush below was spread out like a map and his figure looked small as it fitted through the clearings. The sun struck slivers of light from the head of the axe he carried.

It could be that the foreman had sent him to Wayne with a message, there could be some ordinary explanation for his presence there, but deep in my heart I knew there wasn't. Few struck cold made me and I knew the foreman had come. Wayne! I had to warn him. I tried to shout, but my throat was constricted and dry and a hoarse croak came from it.

I could see Wayne, another boy in the bushes spread below, and ten yards away Lawson still made his silent way through the brush. God, I had to do something! I couldn't just stay there and watch murder being

done. But what could I do? By the time I climbed down it would be over.

"Wayne?"

In spite of all that I put into the shout, it wasn't much better than a croak, but it reached Wayne. He stopped working and looked up, wiping the back of his hand across his face. I waved towards the bush and suddenly the truth dawned on him and he straightened, shouting.

Lawson heard my shout and stopped. He tried to locate me, hesitated, then went on.

The two men came from a bay in a little clearing at the base of a towering knoll. Wayne was the one in Lawson's hands and from where I stood I could see his own hands tighten about his own smooth hickory handle. They stood watching each other, and I guessed that it was Lawson doing the talking while Wayne watched him, tense and silent.

I saw Wayne's lips move and Lawson straightened. Suddenly he made a lunge with his axe, the iron blade finking in the sunlight. Wayne jumped clear and raised his own axe deliberately.

In spite of the heat and the sweat running freely down my arms, I

walked as though an ice cube had slid down my back. This was murder, cold-blooded murder I had to do something. I started to climb down, then realized how foolish that was. A battle such as this would be over long before I reached the ground. I stopped and looked down again, not wanting to look but hypothesized by the darkness below.

The two men were沉默, crouched and looking for an opening. Wayne was on the defensive, but it looks that other blade from his breast or body he had to attack. He remained on a sitting, understand deep which almost caught Lawson disoriented. I saw his lips move as he cursed. Then there was a wild flurry of bare arms, glaring, no hands and driving dust below they came apart again, panting. Wayne's arm bleeding, Lawson growling.

Lawson turned again and Wayne fought it on the handle of his axe. I heard Lawson's evident shout as the blade went through the hickory. Wayne went backwards, stumbling, and Lawson went after him, never written place on his face. Wayne plowed a handful of dirt and threw it at the glistening face, recovered his balance and dove low under the axe.

For what seemed like hours the two men stood there locked together. I wanted to shout, climb down and run to help Wayne, anything to break that awful, deadly snarl, but all I could do was to huddle in on the safety strap and pray for Wayne.

Suddenly they parted. Lawson tried to bring his axe around and Wayne let go one hand and let his hand at the base of the throat. No time for reaction. Lawson went recl-

ing back, tripped and sprawled on his back. Wayne gathered himself to follow his advances, then stopped as Lawson screamed.

It was horrible to listen to that scream, as though red hot pincers had reached into the trench of a man on the rock. Lawson thrashed wildly on the ground for several seconds, then stiffened and seemed to relax slowly.

I went down the tree quicker than safety allowed and when I got to the clearing Wayne was standing beside the still body of Lawson, his hands hanging weakly at his sides and sweat and dust thick on his bare arms and chest.

"Wayne! You all right?"

He nodded, licked his lips and wiped the sweat from his eyes with the back of his hand. "I'm all right."

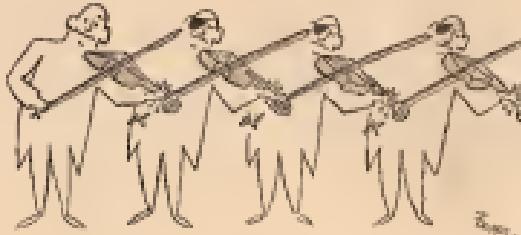
I turned to Lawson, then looked back to Wayne. "You didn't . . . ?"

He read the thought in my mind and shook his head. "No. The poor devil brought it on himself! Look." He bent down and moved the body slightly and there on the ground, the red blood making into the shattered hickory handle, was Wayne's axe. Blade uppermost, held there by the shattered handle embedded in the soil.

The whole picture flashed through my mind. As Lawson fell the whole weight of his body would be on that narrow-shafted hatchet.

"I had to come," Wayne said softly. "You can't go on working a hole like that for years without serious suffering. I suppose it's some kind of justice."

"You, I suppose it is," I said and we walked down the slope to the foreman and the rest of the gang.



# Crime Capsules

## PASSING THE TIME

The devout portions of mankind in general are resistant. And the favorite reading matter of condemned criminals in Chicago God in poetry. Other rank professors in the same god-fearing reading of the walls open against New Hampshire god authorizes discontinued the inmates there liked reading travel books, while a women's god regards them the inmates like to read love stories.

## HOUSEHOLD

Nick Williams, proprietor of a Seattle store, arrived at work one morning to find a stack of clothing and radio equipment, which had been stolen the previous night, plus a four-dollar bill. A note, explaining the money was left a deceased widow, stated, in part "They made me take it back."

## SILENCE IS GOLDEN

When Mrs. Marie Christoffe, a French widow, was found bludgeoned to death on her lonely farm, police were stumped. But Angelo Brusa, the dead woman's deaf mute employee, indicated that he had something to tell. As he was totally illiterate, communication was difficult—until the policeman went for a

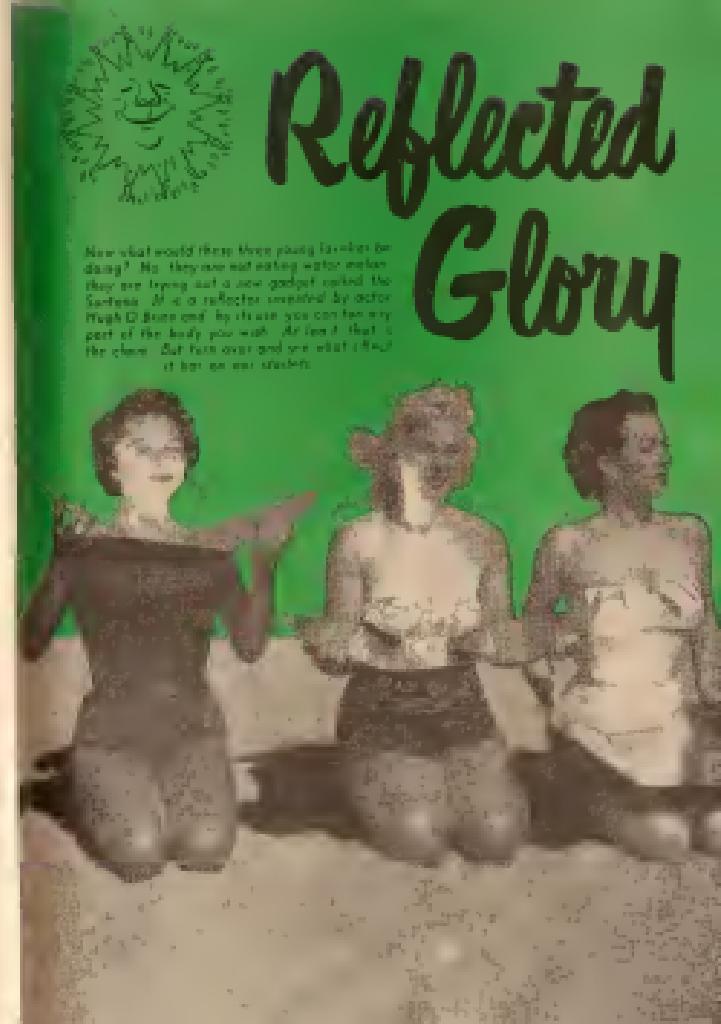
movie camera and a host of actors they dressed Brusa in work clothes and showed him the film. He understood. They wanted him to act what he had to say. He made love to the actress playing the dead widow, but was repulsed. He acted an act to kill her, but the axe was made of paper mache and it broke. So, in a doorway, he closed his hands around the throat of the actress. The police asked him, they knew they had their killer.

## OUT OF COURT

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, two men were charged with robbing the peace. They were fighting in the street. The judge asked them why they were fighting and they told him of an argument they had had. "Why don't you two settle it out of court, instead of attacking one another here?" asked the judge. One of the accused replied, "What do you think we were doing when the cops arrived?"

## A CLEAN SHEET

In Denmark a man was charged with trying to break into a house. He denied the charge, and he planned to go into the window-cleaning business and he was doing some advanced study. The police did not go for his story.



# Reflected Glory

Now what would three shiny ladies be doing? No, they are not taking water cooler—they are trying out a new gadget called the Suntex. It is a reflector invented by doctor Hugh D. Ross and, by the way, you can have any part of the body you wish. At least that is the claim. But look over and see what effect it has on our soubrette.





"It says here she was bitten by an esp — not a snape!"

**THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE**

THE big man stood in front of the sergeant's desk, raising his cap to the two grumpy men. As the sergeant went on with his work, ignoring the giant, the big fellow digested more than ever. He wagged his hairy paws over his sweating face and rested his weight alternately on each foot.

Suddenly the sergeant looked up. "Well," he barked, "what do you want?"

The giant leaned over, resting his weight on the desk. "I've come to inform on Frankie McFolling," he said.

The sergeant thought nothing important. In fact, it brought the sergeant to his feet. "Where is he?" he almost demanded. And the giant told him exactly where, to find the man where the authorities wanted more than any other.

McFolling was shot, and the informer collected the covered blood money—money stained with the life blood of the informer's friend, Frankie McFolling. And before that money was finally spent, it was covered with the blood of the informer.

"The Informer" was a great film—a film as stark as the times it portrayed—the unmitigated times of the revolution in Ireland. And, as the informer, Victor McLaglen turned in his greatest performance. It was

him the Academy Award for the best acting of 1933, and it was one of the greatest and most moving performances of all time.

Then came a former boxer ready the highlights in a field which epitomized as much competition as in boxing.

Vic, at the age of 14, had run away from home to enlist in the British Army in the Boxer War. On account of his size he was accepted. He acquitted himself well. Upon discharge he went to Canada and became a silver prospector, and it was in Quebec that he began his pugilistic career. His size was considered. Within three months he was recognized as heavyweight champion of Eastern Canada.

The spirit of adventure being in his blood, Vic travelled with a side-show as a strong man and wrestler. On one occasion he pinned a whole football team, one man at a time in a wrestling match, the entire team being defeated in the total time of one hour.

A sportman named Harry Bishop is considerably, as Vic's father was a church bishop, entered Vic away from the sidelines and took him on tour as a boxer, where he met with much success.

Vic had one unfortunate experience as a boxer. That was against tough Paul E. Massengill. Vic was receiving attention in his corner, prior to entering and for the fifth round. He seemed by mistake given him a ring of numerous instead of water. Vic passed out on the spot.

In 1930 Vic brought a successful exhibition with the then world heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson. Defeating the opposition was a laughs. McLaughlin turned to vaudeville. He and a brother—Arthur—

named Cedric, Horace and the Fiji Islands, and arrived in Australia with their act.

While here the Kalgoorlie gold rush began, and the two brothers became prospectors, with Vic doing quite a bit of fighting on the side. By now he had grown into a most ferocious giant.

When World War I started in 1914 all the McLaughlin Five of them joined the British Services. Vic attaining the rank of Captain in the Army. The outbreak of war had put an end to Vic's amateur boxing career, which he had remained after many years of comparative gloom necessarily. In fact Vic was called to fight for the British Heavyweight title, but had to cancel the bout when he received his call to arms.

It is of note that all the McLaughlin names through the war without a scratch.

In England, the call came for and to the wounded, and Vic's father offered to have any other Bishop his age in England, the proceeds to go to the fund for the wounded.

Guardians were shocked at the Bishop's challenge. One newspaper featured an article which had a silly dig at Victor, the son of a Bishop, being a bare-knuckle fighter and challenged the writer to a fight for charity. He further wrote an defense of his son, stating that he would be ashamed of any man who could not use his hands. He concluded boxing as a fine sport.

The Bishop wrote "I should like to see boxing followed by the youth of the world. If we had more of that, we would have less conflict with deadly weapons and more settle-

ments of disputes with the weapons God gave to man—his hands."

"I am nothing contrary to Christianity in leading. The opponent is solely the number of those who have forgotten that they are men living in a world of men, and not Victorian old Indian."

The article created quite a stir and many wrote letters to the newspapers about it. But no legal arrangement was put forward in opposition to the Bishop. Nor did anyone record the Bishop's challenge to a fight.

Upon his discharge from the British war, Vic resumed his boxing career. But he had slipped. He was getting old as boxers go, and he had softened up. After being knocked out by French Gossard he retired.

Still the adventurer, Vic went to various parts of the world in search of hard work and danger. Finally he arrived in Hollywood. He was tired. He walked up to the gate and asked the gatekeeper if there were any jobs around.

"No," replied the gatekeeper, sole in his own job and not caring about anyone else. "Best off."

Vic stood there up and moaned. "Well, I'm going outside to see somebody in authority." And he made his hasty past the gatekeeper.

That worthy grabbed Vic, and Miss Legion went into action. One sweep and the studio employee was sprawled on his back.

Instantly half a dozen other employees dashed up to escort the body man. Vic grabbed this one while he fled. With drowsy eyesight he sat about the shoulders.

"They'll run down there!" came a yell. One of the studio employees

A California lumberman on a trip, wandered into a maple syrup district. Taking a stroll through the woods one day, he noticed a lot of buckets hanging from the trees. "Gosh almighty," he exclaimed in astonishment. "They sure have an awful auxiliary bunch of cows around here."

looked up and the voice continued: "Dang that big fellow up here."

It was a baptism director. The barrel cracked and Vic, straightening his clothes, nodded to the director's offer.

The director appraised Vic critically. He took in the broad shoulders, the height, the corrugated muscles of the chest. He made a decision.

"Can you act?" he enquired.

"What kind of acting?" asked Vic expansively. "If you mean can I make love before the cameras, I'm no Rudolph Valentino." And he uttered his coarse guffaw of laughter—the laughing which was to become famous in films.

Valentino-McLaughlin? The director shuddered at the thought. "No," he replied. "I'm looking for a tough guy for a picture I'm making. Like the robbery?"

McLaughlin did not hesitate. He took the job. That picture, "The Price Glass," set Vic's debut onto the film

world and he co-starred with Elizabeth Taylor. As the tough Army Officer, Captain Flagg, McLaughlin was a rare find and film directors moved over him. He and Taylor were matched into further roles and each was successful.

Came "The Informer", "Under Two Flags", "The Magnificent Bruin", "Shanty Steals in Mongoose", and that great Indian adventure drama, "Lone of a Bengal Lancer".

For years McLaughlin rode on the crest of a wave. Then, gradually, as he got older and his great muscular physique turned to a mass of flabby flesh, he was relegated to supporting roles. His film appearances became fewer and fewer, until finally he was forgotten by the average film fan.

But, in late 1952 he once more dashed across the screen. And he proved he was still a great actor, by being nominated for the Academy Award for the best acting in a supporting role. The film was "The Quiet Man".

We did not win the Award, but we did not worry. That giddy shiksa, known as the Oscar, was just too much junk to Victor. On one occasion, when a newspaper reporter went to McLaughlin's home to get a story, he saw the coveted Oscar during only a door step!

But it did not stop there. Last year a Hollywood盗賊, snatching the Justice in his district, found in one, an Oscar. It belonged to Victor McLaughlin.



# THE KILLER IN THE MOUNTAINS



Finding the killer of the young man and the girl did not seem a hard job, but proving it took time and a lot of courage.



A MAN and a girl sat before a campfire high in the wild, mountainous regions of north-western California. Bob reached the side, little body of the girl.

She was only 18, and lovely in her tent sweater and train riding breeches. A map of glowing red fire matched the blushing glow of her cheeks and her full, red, kissable lips.

But Carmen Wagner wept. She wept for the beauty of the range around her, for the roar of the rushing streams and the pungent tang of pine needles.

All those she had known and loved in the grew here from a smoky, here-

hot lumber into very man's dream of feminine perfection. Now she was to know them no more. For Carmen Wagner was doomed to die.

In the hands of the man, who was her captor, was a Lager bottle-neck. Already he had killed his lover. Now, because she knew who had fired that fatal shot, she too was to be murdered.

He and she struggled in the dark, during wits of the man. He prodded her with the gun. "Carmen," he ordered, "get up."

She clamped the guardian purpose in his eyes. "Please don't!" she implored. "Don't do it for God's sake. Please . . ."

Thus was concluded one of the most bizarre double murders ever solved. A real butcher was loose in the hill country. Behind him he left a trail of mysterious death that was not to be fully disclosed for years.

About the same time at the halfway point of Carmen Wagner on October 12, 1925, a lone tramp came upon a car parked in the doorway of an abandoned homestead further down the mountain trail.

Strapped to the running board of the car was a recently killed deer. Sprawled on the ground beside it was the dead body of a tall, good-looking young man.

The hunter rode down to the town of Durango and returned with Sheriff Edward Reid and the Coroner, Oscar Swanson. Inspection showed that the dead man had been shot through the back. There was no sign of any weapon. A search of the car disclosed nothing but a woman's vanity case and comb.

Both the officials recognized the murdered man as 25-year-old Henry Sweet of Durango. But they were puzzled by the absence of the woman who apparently had been a passenger in the car.

The parents of Henry Sweet revealed he had left home on the night of October 9 on a deer hunting expedition into the mountains. He was accompanied by his sweetheart, 18-year-old Carmen Wagner of the nearby town of Pagosa.

With both the girl and the murderer gone missing, the general official view was that Carmen Wagner had killed young Sweet. She was a cook that had known the mountains almost as well as the roaming wild life that haunted them. It was thought that

she had quarreled with her lover, shot him in a fit of anger and, terrified of the consequences, fled in some mountain hollow.

Sheriff Reid interviewed the girl's parents. They identified the vanity case found in the car as belonging to Carmen. She had said she was going hunting for a few days with some friends but did not reveal who they were. She had taken her own rifle and was accompanied by her dog, Pinto.

The investigators shifted back to the mountains. Three backwoodsmen were hanged who had made the trip on that trip. One of them established that they were both alive, and trapping the dead deer in Sweet's car, only two hours before his body was found.

It is felt that two hours Sweet had been killed, Carmen, two rifles and her dog had disappeared.

A large posse was assembled by Sheriff Reid to search the mountains "Locate Carmen Wagner," he ordered. "Cover every hill and loch for miles, this or in her face or whereabouts."

For a week the posse ranged the mountain trails without success. They found nothing, except the remains of a campsite at the mouth of the lonely Baker Creek Canyon.

No significance was attached to the pile of ashes, and by Sunday, October 18, half of the hunters had given up and gone home, convinced that Carmen Wagner was the culprit and had made a successful getaway.

A new impetus was given to the search that afternoon. Picking around near the abandoned campsite where Sweet's body was found, one of Reid's deputies found a fresh bullet

hole in a pocket knife. Sighting through it to get the line of fire, he fired an charge of shot about 200 yards away. The deputy made for the trees. After a short search he uncovered a rifle concealed in a bush. It was identified as a special home-made rifle of Carmen Wagner's gun.

The find did not impress Sheriff Edward Reid. When he arrived on the scene, a bunch of crazed possemen were hunting the pile of ashes for指紋—overriding whatever fingerprints might have been on them.

Suspicion was the fact that the camp of ashes had been carefully examined several times during the previous week without uncovering the gun. To the sheriff's mind there lingered the suspicion that the gun had been planted there by some member of the posse—and he was probably the murderer. For the first time he was convinced that Carmen Wagner was dead.

As the hunters resumed with fresh enthusiasm, a youth named Kenneth Walford approached the sheriff with a surprise and a suggestion.

He had noticed the campsite when at the mouth of Baker Creek Canyon. Nearby was the cabin of Jack Ryan and his half-brother, Walter David Half-blood Indian, they lived by trapping and hunting in the mountains.

"There hasn't been any search of the canyon," Kenneth Walford told the sheriff. "That you seem too anxious not to have anyone go up the canyon."

Sheriff Reid deputed two men to search the canyon—without letting Ryan or David know about it.

The two secret searchers, Kenneth

Buck and Melvyn Parker, made their way to Baker Creek Canyon. Almost immediately they were intercepted by a belligerent and armed Indian guide—apparently on guard for Ryan and David. The two men forced him to lead the way.

They had not searched far into the precipitous, precipitous ravine before Parker stopped and sniffed the air. They followed the smell, nosing along the walls of the canyon. The obnoxious odor became stronger. Rounding a bend they caught sight of something lying on a high shelf of rock.

It was the decomposing body of a dog. They looked around carefully. It did not take them long to find the girl's body.

There were burns on her wrists where she had been bound with ropes. A valuable wrist-watch she

#### CARMEN WAGNER



was known to have been wearing was missing.

The victims were examined by Coroner Swanson, who declared death was caused by two bullet in his brain. She had been dead, in his view, for from five to ten days. There had been no crushed assault. Under her back were signs of human skin and flesh, where the had apparently stretched her attacker's skin.

Sheriff Reid and a bunch of deputies went out to pick up the two half-blooded brothers. They first came upon Walter David riding along the trail. He made no resistance to arrest. Asked about the signs of scratches on his face, he claimed he received them while riding through deep brush.

Jack Ryan was surprised in his bunk in his cabin. He made no protest when routed out and ordered to dress.

While he was doing so, Sheriff Reid ransacked through his clothing and nearby belongings. He took possession of a Ledger pistol hanging on a nail. In the pocket of a pair of trousers behind the door, he found Corinne Wagner's wristwatch.

"What have you got to say about that?" Ryan was asked.

The half-blood shrugged his shoulders pensively. "I never saw it before," he stated. "It must have been planted on me."

Lodged in the Ranch's pool, both men presented their innocence. They claimed thirty miles away from Baker Creek Canyon at the estimated time of the murders.

The sheriff was certain, however, that he had the right man in Jack Ryan, particularly when scientific analysis disclosed human bloodstains on the half-blood's coat.

The case against the other half-blood was not so certain. A few days later, Walter David was released when his alibi was proved to be true.

The scratches on his face, it was discovered, he had received in a fight with a young lady of the town whom he visited in Durango. Encouraged, he had tried to tell a while he when questioned about them.

Meanwhile, evidence mounted against Jack Ryan. Walter found in Corinne's skull were stated definitely

by ballistics experts to have been fired from the half-blood's Ledger. Bullet holes on the dead girl's coat were identical with those of Ryan's own coat. Gash here packed up over her body had come from a pair of cowboy chaps found in his cabin.

On February 11, 1934, Jack Ryan faced trial for the murder of Corinne Wagner. The prosecution was conducted by District Attorney Arthur Hill. He had a trump card up his sleeve which he considered made his case invincible.

After presenting the already formidable array of evidence against the prisoner, the District Attorney called to the stand a new witness. He gave his name and stated he was a special operative employed by the famous "Tuna International Detective Agency".

Jack Ryan's dark face had turned deathly white. His hands gripping the dock, he listened with the rest of the court as the witness described how, as a paid charon, he had been confined for a few days in the mortuary jail, in the same cell as the prisoner.

The Judge suspended the operation of Jack Ryan's attorney. The court listened in an authorized hush as the private detective related how he had won Ryan's confidence.

"Knowing that I was to leave the next day, Ryan begged me to do certain favors," he stated. "First he told me to tell his mother to wash a shirt of his that was covered with blood. Secondly, he wanted me to dispose of 19 Ledger shells he had hidden in a hole and, thirdly, he gave me a knife he wanted buried."

Across the courtroom came the District Attorney's final question: "Did Jack Ryan admit his guilt to

you?" he looked at the witness. "He did," was the detective's damning reply.

That seemed to settle the case. The jury sat for a short time and then returned with their verdict. They found Ryan "Not Guilty."

Both Sheriff Reid and District Attorney Hill were stunned at this culmination of weeks of work. Whoever crosses the jury had for their verdict, it was and they reached it because they did not like the use of a spy against a new fighter for his kind. Jack Ryan was free. Never again could he be charged with the murder of Corinne Wagner.

But the public was not satisfied that two murkies should go unavenged. At the following county elections, they elected a new Sheriff, J. W. Barker, and a new District Attorney, Stephen McInerney. Both men had made the solving of the case a prominent plank in their election campaigns.

McInerney hoped to so distract the killer's conscience that he would be lured into making a retributive or a confession. But to a number of the tough mountain folk, this must have seemed a farcical chance. They saw themselves as members of the lonely and who had been done to death.

In due time, one winter's night, nearly two years after the murders, they kidnapped Walter David, Jack Ryan's half brother, and set about making him talk.

The following morning his body was found dumped on a mountain side. He had been severely tortured to death.

Two of his front teeth had been pulled out from their roots with pliers. He had been tied with leather thongs and his body beaten black and blue with a club.



"May, Wilson!"



When that failed to make the half-breed reveal what he knew of the killing, tortured wire was wrapped round his neck and chest. When his body was found, the flesh there was a ribbed crimson mass of meat, as the wire had been slowly twisted tight. Thus it was that eventually killed the tormented Walter Sweet.

He had died before he talked but the torture affected Jack Ryan. Fear now showed constantly in his eyes, as he waited to see if he was next on the list of the mysterious kidnappers.

District Attorney Meltzer noted that the known all Indians are fearlessly superstitious and decided to follow up the fear with a new attack on Ryan's resistance.

Letters, in different handwriting, were mailed to the half-breed from all over California. One of them which was typed, read:

"Jack Ryan. The blood of a murdered girl calls to Heaven. All the gods and all the Devil's tribe look upon you as a murderer. Red clouds symbolizing the burning sand shall float through your mud. Black clouds of a tortured soul at the hour of death are slowly gathering about you. You have even struck death in to your own family."

But Ryan, beyond engaging in frequent bouts of sweating and shivering, seemed unaffected by the letters and gave no sign of cracking.

District Attorney Meltzer was stamping as to the next move. Then a number of complaints began to come in from ranchers that Jack Ryan had been robbing their cattle

and their daughters. This was it.

Without delay, the half-breed was arrested, convicted of criminal assault and sentenced to terms totaling 30 years in San Quentin Penitentiary.

Under strongest cross-examination by ranks of police, Ryan eventually broke down with a confession to the murders. The trouble, he explained, had started when he went to the old house where Sweet and Corman were camping. He wanted to collect payment for some whisky he had supplied them.

Sweet refused to pay and told the half-breed to go to hell. Jack Ryan pretended to run away, but snatched back. He crept up and appropriated their two rifles. Then from behind a rock he picked off Sweet with a single shot.

Corman was forced to walk back up the trail to the spot where the campfire was found at the entrance to the canyon.

He shot his wife, and conveyed his body on his horse up the canyon to the spot where it was found. Her dog followed them, so he shot it also. He later planted Corman's rifle near the abandoned house to throw suspicion on one of the passengers. Sweet's rifle he buried high in the mountains.

Ryan was rushed into court. He pleaded guilty to the two murders and was sentenced to life imprisonment. He will begin to serve it after he completes his sentence 10 years term. He was bundled back to San Quentin. The case was reached "Closed."

But actually it was not finally solved. Even today, the twin killers of Jack Ryan's half-brother are still unidentified.

Michelle Safford  
By Noel Hickey

## Pointers to better health

### THE CHILD WON'T EAT

An average doctor sees five to ten cases each week, in which a mother brings in her child with the story of loss of appetite. Usually the mother suspects a disease, but doctor says that doctor is seldom present in these cases and that the trouble is usually due to these factors: Eating on the run, not enough variation in the diet and eating between meals. Taking the first, in many houses, the meal is simply a time to sit down, grab the food, glance at one another and get away as quickly as possible. In this case, the family should have a meal as a pleasure, take time over eating and discuss things in a friendly manner. With regard to variation, many mothers cannot be bothered to prepare meals with variety. Often—particularly at the holiday meal—the just prepared individuals kids get sick of eating the same things (who doesn't) and while adults eat because they know they have to in order to remain healthy, children eat what they like, and if they get sick of a certain dish, they just will not eat. Thirdly, never let children eat between meals. If they do, they have

not room in their stomachs to eat the much prepared for them.

### CANCER DRUGS

The most deadly form of cancer is malignant melanoma. It is a dark growth which starts on the skin and spreads rapidly inside the body. Patients live only a few weeks. Now Dr. Sidney Farber of the Children's Cancer Research Centre and Harvard Medical School, Boston, has come out with a drug which shows up the cancer. The drug is Triethylenephosphoramide—or, to cut it down to an usual name, Tops. It is related to the nitrogen mustard, which has been used in the treatment of Hodgkin's disease. Dr. Farber says that Tops treatments give the patient another year of life. Tops is not a cure, but the fact that it slows down and the growth of the cancer, is a weapon in the war against cancer.

### D.E.T.

According to Dr. Edward F. Knapp, president of the American Association of Economic Entomologists, D.E.T., which comes into existence ten years ago, has saved 1 million trees and 10 million various diseases.

# NAUTICAL MISSES



These Hollywood students have a grand idea, and who can blame them—wouldn't you give them a good cheer? Lou Chimes, Jackie Waldron and Diane Keith are the lasses. Don't let the masculine names of the first two put you off. If you have any doubts, look at them. But their girls here always know life's sailing.



Down below to change and up on deck to prepare for the sailing. Just in case, they are taking the tarpaulin from the lifeboat. Now, if the girls want a hand, I'm sure there are a number of fellows only too glad to be of assistance. The girls sure like the waves—and who wouldn't give them a wave?

The tarp is off and away they go. But it took so long to remove the tarpaulin that the weather changed; and so did the girls—to something warmer and more snug. These girls may not be nautical, but their form on this yacht is not bad, and while wind jackets may be the thing, aviations are more fitting here, don't you think? ——————



# THE SHOCKS PEOPLE GET



THIS READING

The author, gathered with "shock" humor, by E. Paul Miltz, Jr., 21.

PEOPLE are often shocking themselves or their neighbors. And often their various shocks can kill, maim and mow, reform and destroy. They can release and impure emotions of horror, fear, joy and relief. History is full of great shocks.

Towards the end of the century, a young man named Walter Harwell took his seven-year-old niece to visit Niagara Falls. Harwell was cultured, educated, held down an important and highly-paid job. He was by no means irresponsible. He made his fun in a sober and calculating way. But that day at Niagara came a shock.

With a smile, he turned to see the child with him watching the terrible cataract with a mingled expression of awe and fire on her face. Then, on an impulse, Harwell caught her up and hunkered said: "Now, Betty, I'm going to throw you into the water!"

He swung her backwards and forward.

The child shrieked, twisted at his hands, and almost before he realized it had slipped from his grip.

A bystander said that the face of the falling child was a mask of drama horror. The mouth was wide

open, as though in a pantomime of a scream, for no human voice could be heard in the din of the rushing water. It was the same face that Harwell saw.

Shocked, he stood like stone, gazing in horror as the little girl disappeared in the current force. With the girl's name on his lips and before anyone could restrain him, Harwell leaped into the Niagara on a hopeless attempt at rescue. Both he and his niece were drowned.

Another incident at Niagara involved a heartless man, Thomas Levy. Levy was a murderer. With the river in front of him and the sheriff close behind, it looked as though he would have to surrender. But he chose the cover of the house of the two plumbists to evanesce. There was only one means of greatest safety—the wiles of an old bridge.

Hand over hand, Levy started to open the dreadfully chain. His police began to hear and Harriet, he was half way over when the sheriff and his men appeared on the bank. They watched the appalling spectacle in silence. They saw Levy's hands covered with blood that trickled down his arms. It was only a matter of waiting for the moment when the body would drop.

But Levy faced with the abiding fear of falling to his death, summoned every ounce of initiative he possessed. Swinging over that enormous gap like a monkey on a tight-rope, he felt the strength draining out of his arms, and he knew that he could not hold on much longer. His own blood bathed the wire and it was hard to stop his fingers from slipping. Suddenly, to the amazement of the onlookers, and with the decisiveness of an acrobat, he placed

his legs over the wire and hung free, then bent downwards. When he was able to do so, he went on, in the same way, hand over hand, until he again gained rest, when he repeated the method.

In this ingenuous way, he finally reached the opposite bank. But the shock of the experience was still with him. He lay shuddering and panting. It was an hour before he staggered to his feet, and, with the helpless shroud looking on, perished on the last stages of his remarkable escape.

What strange shock was at that afflicted John Ferguson, of Angleshire, which, while leaving him normal in every other respect, deprived him of most of the ability to retain food of any kind?

More than that, he was not affected in any way by the enhanced fast.

Ferguson, a shepherd and herdsman, was out leading his way cattle in the mountains when overcome by thirst after his regular trudging he drank heavily from a little creek and then fell asleep on the bank. He slept for 16 hours. When he awoke, he was a changed man, physically and mentally. Possessed of great energy and endurance he yet could not summon the strength to rise to his feet. Asty-minded, he found that his faculties were fogged and lethargic. He lied, he said, the impression that he had been somewhere else in time and place. The condition persisted for an hour or so, when he began to feel his normal self. The weakness he felt was merely the result of hunger, he reasoned.

A friend, Archibald Campbell, found him and took him to his own home. A big meal was set before

Ferguson. But he hadn't taken a couple of mouthfuls before he felt sick. Puzzled, he tried again, but this time not only the taste of the food but the sight of it repelled him.

Campbell led him to a room, and laid him down. Hours later, when he awoke in bed, Ferguson was suddenly ill as sick as he ever is. He suffered the same reaction every time food was presented to him. All he took daily was a pint of water. For twenty days Ferguson was in Campbell's house, and for twenty days he lived on water. Doctors found it inexplicable that Ferguson had survived—but more inexplicable was the fact that there was no change in his face, his physique, or his weight.

On the twenty-first day, Ferguson was eating with his customary gusto as though nothing had ever happened to him.

Shakes can produce misery, and on that point a former mind-doctor has said that misery is a simple member of the family, in the highest degree, according to total insensitivity to every impression. James Torre was living proof of this theory. The sudden knowledge of his business losses was such a shock to him that he actually became a human robot. He sat still. He did not talk. He merely took food when it was put into his mouth. Every evening he was granted three hours by a servant, who dressed him, placed him in the parlor, where he sat the whole day with his body bent forward and his eyes closed on the floor. It went on like that for nearly five years; then Torre recovered so suddenly as he had been mistaken. The recovery was complete, and he

resumed his business activities where he had left off.

A more extraordinary case, perhaps, is that of the Jansen brothers whose shock had a similar treacherous effect. Two of the brothers, Michael and Allen, were conscripted into the army, and in their first battle, Allen was shot dead. Michael was transformed immediately from a wholesome young man to a hideous idiot. When taken home to his family's house he presented such an unbearable and tragic sight that his other brother John, who suffered in the same way, so that both of them had to be sent to the Revere, a French hospital for lunatics.

The Revere, incidentally, housed Louis Bourget. It was a shock of pleasure that transformed him into an idiot and put him there. Bourget, an engineer, had a simple mind, but deserved an ingénieur in charge construction. Tebepenre was so taken with it that he sent Bourget a most flattering letter. That the mighty President of the Committee of Public Safety had designed so to honor him was too much for the humble engineer, and he was hardly struck mortification on the spot.

Genesius Marini, an Italian physician, once shocked with horror a whole streetful of people. He suffered a brief but staggering shock of insanity himself during the process. Marini had applied for his degree to the oldest and famous school of medicine at Florence, but the professor explained that it was first necessary for Marini to demonstrate his knowledge and ability in the science of medicine.

In the centre of the piazza at Florence a stage was built, and in the presence of the whole population,

Marini displayed his powers. On the stage were several living mache—provided by the college so that there might be no deception. An official selected the five largest, and Marini placed them behind signs on the bench. Then, while the thousands of eyes followed his every move, he cut each of the hands in two, and separated from them into a greater all the fluids and juices they contained.

Following the process, he placed the empty goblet on the bench, and walked to the front of the stage. He stood motionless. Suddenly, his hands began to tremble. His eyes were white as lead and red with sweat. His body became hideously swollen and distorted. All over the vast audience women screamed and fainted, men shouted that Marini's death was upon him.

Marini himself was in great distress. For a moment he thought he had lost it too long. With shaking, clumsy motions he took from a jar on his side some of his favorite anti-inflammation antiseptic, a wonderful secret that he alone possessed—and employed a little of it onto his wrists, readlived. The effect was instantaneous, and, in less than a minute Marini stood walking, perfectly restored, while the gathered crowd franchises its appreciation.

The estimable Italian not only recovered his degree, he was honored as surpassing all others for his medical skill in the century and knowledge of medicine.

Which all goes to make for a very weird commentary on the state of the healing art in those days—shocking



"I'll have to hang up next, Allen . . . John needs his support."



"I don't suppose you've ever been in a *bottle* of wine?"



YOU'LL never feel much trouble getting a job with a circus. The needs are the 11th hour of the big top and they come and go like ticks on a rock. Some just get the job so they can bridge the gap between a few hours. Others leave silently after the pull-down at night, and others are sacked naked because they are absolute non-humans and won't pull their weight.

I remember the night I passed a show. I was hopping the fence and making towards Bismarck in a roundabout direction. Now I was in Bismarck. That night around ten I hatched all buttons on my wind pocket and pushed on to the teeth of a bitter winter wind.

Around Eaglehawk, on the outskirts of Bismarck, I was just in time to hear someone yell "Let her go!" Then the giant umbrella enveloped us around.

I wandered on to the lot. I had no idea that I could get a ride through that night on one of the wagons. But this circus didn't pitch on until morning. However, I landed a job at thirty bob a week with Tucker and I thought that wasn't too bad at all.

You might think that putting up and pulling down the big top night after night gets monotonous. Well, you're right, but there are a lot of incidents that break out some of the monotony. For one thing you

you in different towns every day and in some of these towns you'll always find the characters who wants to pick a fight with you.

He doesn't know you from a tin of salt. But that doesn't matter to him, he just wants to have a go at you. And you can bet a million to a gooseberry that he wouldn't look an inch bigger, but there is always a long-bit salter lurking conveniently to back him up.

If he doesn't get around in having a shot at you in a pub, he will come down to the show and try to break it up. I noticed that this type of hood exploded his moronic remarks during the clown sequences.

You might get something like this "I think", and "Where did they die you taken up?"

This is a common happening and the clown and the dummy has a answer for it which never fails. And they start up the post without throwing a punch. What follows is something like this: Joey will tell Eddie to get him a basket of water and Tich, with a perfect deadpan expression, will say "What for, Joey?"

"So we can give that dummy up there a drink," answers his addition.

The reaction from the crowd at the rag generalship of the clowns with their speedy return of wit, starts up the post for the rest of the performance. Invariably the walkout.

Of course it is not always as easy to dispose of pugnacious characters as Tich and Joey did. During the time I was with the circus I had and was involved in more fights than I could count.

I remember once dealing with one tenthand who was so big he would

knock six of something else knock for the audience.

He was a tall, dark bloke with a simple face and a permanent scowl. When we were put on Sunday, he would run up the town and stock up on tobacco and when he had read them he had no trouble selling them to the other tent hands for half their cost. The boss tentman was always telling him to do some work but his request was never carried out. Instead, Purple Paul would sneak away for a read of his comic. At the policeman, while the rest of us loaded the truck and carried those setting boards each, Purple would move at a snail's pace with one.

Nest pay day he was sacked. He threw a couple of dirty blankets into a battered port and before he left he said he would get even with the circus.

What he meant wasn't even thought about. Just at Seven 'til Eight he appeared around the lot with half a dozen tough-looking ruffians and passed it to while we worked. Eddie the boss tentman demanded me to take no notice of him or his baddies, and if they wanted a fight there would be plenty of that that night after the show. Around the ex-tenthand's remarks was the one relating to an ad. he had put in the local paper to the effect that the circus was not worth seeing and they didn't treat their hands at all well.

It was on the second half of the show that night that the fight started. I was riding up the handling post with another tenthand, when from out front we heard an enormous roar and a voice saying "Eddie! Alfa, help me!"

Lis and I charged the post just outside the ring entrance and raced

back through the ring, and on board we found the proprietor, who also acted as ringmaster, slumped against the ticket bar, dabbing at his cheek with a handkerchief, which was bloodstained. Along the dark street we drove a sputtering of urgent fuel.

"They took it to me with knuckledusters Eddie's gone after them," our bus explained. His right cheek had a jagged gash on it and was swelling up like a nose.

Eddie was back in a few minutes, looking ratty and panting hard. He said "The dirty bighties got away in the dark. Down a lane somewhere. We'll look for them after."

The show wouldn't end quickly enough that night, and another thing in our favour was that there was no pull-down. We were showing at Swan Hill for two nights.

We didn't waste any time. Clowns, acrobats, wire-walkers, tent hands, the cook and his assistant assembled inside the big top for a howling on operations. We split up into two parties and moved off.

In my party was a rugged clown and acrobat who came from Adelaid. Russell Sommers was his name and as he hit he finished off my bottom fly horizon. There wasn't much of Russell in weight either, so he armed himself with a heavy spanner.

We searched the banks of the Murray River. Then onto the main street, through coffee, billiard rooms, parks and back streets. We never saw one member of the hooligans.

Back on the circus lot, we slided under the street lamp. He was bad anything to say. Our brawlers cut down quiet in the night air. It was past midnight then and there was no question of giving up. Somehow we

#### WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

The hooligan dame was dawdling her time.  
"I'm often taken for my daughter," said she,  
(Steering her eyes was one of  
her fears).  
Then she looked so old she  
would not agree.  
Her companion came in with  
a smart rebuff—  
A smile on her lips, but with  
voice that was cold—  
"My dear, you hardly look  
old enough.  
To have a daughter who  
could be so old."

— AH-BM

felt that it was worth while waiting and the night would not go by without some action.

The long street running up to the town was quiet. The darkness was punctured at intervals by splashes of light from the street lamps. Then the quiet of that street ended in the sound of heavy boots. We stood tense, waiting. The sound grew closer and every eye was focused on the last boot in the street. Whatever it was would have to turn aside corner or come straight ahead.

In the jarringly pool of light on the opposite corner, a long, dark character was illuminated for a few seconds. He turned the corner and was soon again folded into the darkness. It was Purple.

We bounded off after him on his trail. Alfa got to his feet. Purple charged forward, a fierce and white-faced. Purple made a futile effort to defend himself, but Alfa should have a right to his middle and a left hook to his jaw.

Allie once had the best story of that fight and we had no further trouble on that issue.

But it was at Myrtle, a few miles from Swan Hill, that another incident occurred and I was the target for a king-bat. It was Saturday afternoon and Harold and I walked into a hotel. We managed to get a space at the bar I used while Harold sat on a high stool.

A bloke next to me was spinning a dollar, and noticing me watching him, he showed me a couple of card tricks and finished his act making a packet of cigarettes disappear.

He gave me a dig in the ribs and said: "Now buy me a drink."

"What?"

"I shall buy you a drink. I provided the entertainment."

I squared him and turned my back on him. Next thing I felt a thud that came up the back of my neck. I spun away from the bar and collected a punch on the nose. I landed across the floor and fell.

Harold had not deserted me while I was being attacked and what he did to help says a lot for his pluck and courage. With the weight of a readability he swung off the stool, made a short run and snatched his seven stone head first into the king-bat's middle. He doubled up with pain. Harold then butted him under the chin with his head and brought his crippled hands across the back of his neck. The king-bat vomited and fell at it. He scrambled quickly to his feet and sat on a stool with his head on his hands.

Sometimes the cause of fights starts on the home ground. By that I mean the belligerent tent-head who walks up a tree and then starts looking for fights and violence on his tent side.

names to help him out with them.

There was a bloke named Eddie with the name I was with, and he let it be known plenty that he was a kickbox fighter. He had the people all right and a few people to support his story, but I figured he was no more than a local mounted sheep who crashes with the crowd and makes a loud good noise with one of his mates off the board.

Eddie came back on the last one afternoon, several hours later and had knocked over a bloke up town. A couple of the locals had chased him and said they would come down in a gang to get him.

"Let Eddie look after himself," and "It's nothing to do with us" were the comments passed around. Eddie was disturbed because none of us was on his side. He was in the process of leaving when we treated the tent-hoos for an inspection. At eight, when we took our places at the camp's entrance, he was missing.

The three went on across a paddock. That wasn't unusual. But Eddie's site cut showed him up properly.

The gang arrived all right. By then traps, stringers, poles and sealing boards had been loaded on the trucks. The big top was just a shell.

The returning gang of about a dozen stood at the front entrance demanding Eddie to show himself. Eddie told them the story but it didn't seem to stick in. We dashed from a shower of stones while the rush were advancing. It finished in a free for all. We came out on the creek side.

But that's one fight I'll never forget. I still carry the scar on my top lip, left there after a hit with a limestone bottle.

# H E A L T H

## FACT OR FICTION?

RAY DAVIS

RECENTLY a Dr H. Kilpatrick, of the American School Health Association, made the assertion that a lot of educated people believe a lot of medical "facts" which aren't facts.

He listed them things as fallacies—that alcohol is a stimulant; that water is fattening; that raw meat will reduce the swelling of a black eye; that a mother-to-be can determine her unborn child's predilection by the parents she indulges in during pregnancy; that communicable diseases like TB can be infected; that fish is a brain food.

A lot of people believe that last one but it's a fact that in remote parts of the world where people sometimes have to subsist almost entirely on fish out of sheer necessity, TB's aren't noticeably high. Fish are good food, but for the body in general.

There's that other silly fallacy—about the danger of eating fish and milk at the same time. According to medical science, there's not the slightest danger, providing you eat slowly. And that's something you should always do.

While on the subject of milk—you have heard that it's a good idea to have certain fruits alone when you're drinking milk? The theory is that the fruit will curdle the milk



and play havoc with your stomach. But often a fact that milk curdles when it reaches your stomach is my cue.

Then there's the apple—here of the old saw about an apple a day keeping the doctor away. Modern doctors claim that the skin is a lot of rubbish, though most fruits taken in reasonable quantity are good for you.

That red meat which we hear is bad for blood pressure. Medical opinion now is that it doesn't raise blood pressure any worse. Doctors do advise the blood pressure patient to keep away from certain foods, but they're usually those with a high proportion of salt.

You'll remember that other famous old saying about food—"Gulp a cold and start a fever!" It seems that it can be downright dangerous to starve a fever, since fever somehow speeds up the rate of absorption and the speed of waste and therefore has to be suppressed to keep the patient on a sound basis. You know how you feel when you've got a cold sometimes—if you don't want to eat anything at all! According to medical opinion, it's often a good idea to gratify your yearning, and go easy on the food.

It is a different matter with your fat friends. A lot of them like to tell you that they don't eat very much—that the all-pure glandular trouble. People do become fat because their glands are out of order, but never more put on weight because they eat too much. Just watch a fat person and see! Even if he or she doesn't eat much, a lot of meals, you may find that a lot of meals make up for that—even if they're partly in the form of beer.

Of course, a fat man may tell you that he needs this little relaxation from work—he doesn't want to do this over-work. Experiments have proved that rest periods are a good idea, but it's also been asserted that very few people do the down over-work. But quite a number do from over-worry.

Warts were apparently prime subjects with the old wives years ago. You might remember the trouble their maids of Monk Tewar's boy characters went through to get rid of their warts. It involved much sweating with gypsum at mid-night, and that sort of thing. And in the present day, sea and country you'll find people will sit hunched, hunched, or curly positions on their beds in attempts to get rid of them.

It is conceivable that there might be some curative properties in these substances, but observations don't substantiate it. Incidentally, warts aren't caused by harmful foods. And if you are really interested in getting rid of them, go to your doctor about it.

If you deal with quacks, there's always the possibility that you'll hear an experience paralleling that of the man who was given some small hard pills by a so-called herbologist. He took these pills faithfully for a long time, then abandoned them when he found they weren't doing him any good. A chemist friend offered to analyze the pills, and returned them some time later with the cheerful information that they were nothing more nor less than goat dung.

These "experts" often do a roaring trade in aphrodisiacs, some of which are definitely harmful. Then

there was the sensible old woman whose main stock in trade was "Love potion, white", and "Love potion, pink." The white was used to make young women feel that a little love was a good thing, but the pink, which costs six times as much, was used to make women ridiculous in their demands for love and plenty of it. The truth of the matter was that the white powder was powdered sugar and the pink powder was powdered sugar coloured.

This same old character was reported to sell a rock which would save you from drowning. Many fishermen who had bought pieces of this rock knew that it had saved them from death by drowning by simply dissolving. But then stone usually does dissolve in water. Characters for whom the magic rock didn't work, naturally wouldn't be anxious to give any information for mortal men.



There was also the old character who had a "bad root" which, when placed in a dog's tea, was guaranteed to prevent the development of rabies.

The belief was worthless, of course, but there are some with quite a little sense in them. It was believed for many years that sleeping in the night air would cure malaria. Of course it doesn't, but anyone with experience of medical cases will know that malaria-carrying mosquitoes get on the move at night. No doubt people in bygone days noticed that men and women who slept outside were more prone to contract malaria.

But modern science doesn't look kindly on the blanket assertion that night air has disease-bearing winds. Even today you'll find elderly people who are rapidly becoming as strong as windmills at night. Of course, it's been proved that winds carry

factors which affect others and buy fewer patients, but this carrying often takes place at daylight.

Pregnancy is surrounded with numerous deeply-beloved fallacies, most of them good for big rug-makers in medical circles. For instance, there have been many tales of children born with significant birth-marks because their mothers were frightened by various animals. When responsible men come to investigate these cases, they usually find that the women concerned had never, died, or otherwise become unavailable.

Many women have gone to endless trouble to "ensure" that their children would be certain successes. You might have heard of the woman who studied music, painting, literature and kindred arts while carrying her child. The idea was that this pre-natal education would extend to the unborn child. In due course the baby was born, and a fine healthy child he was too. When he went to school his troubles began. He apparently had talents for nothing at all, and he graduated only with the greatest difficulty. He was too backward to get a good job, and he was eventually found a job as a night watchman — a position he filled without distinction.

Believe more glibly in the practice of female relatives of a young mother in West parts of the United States, who bury the shrubbery in a flowerpot, cover it well, and plant a seed atop it. According to this theory, if the weed sprouts quickly and soon comes to maturity, the youngster will have similar adult development.

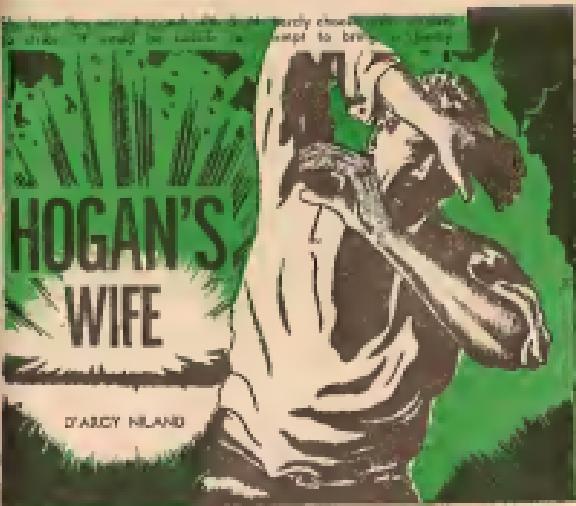
The blindest subjects of heredity are steadily hidden with shrewd help. Doctors these days are among those

old beliefs a sound trashbag. This is what Dr. H. Fleischman Dunbar, of the Department of Medicine and Psychiatry at Columbia University, has to say about the matter: "Whether what we have come to call parenthood is a matter of only picked-out of emotional issues and bad living from those intimately associated with the patient at maturity, or whether other factors are involved, is still a question. But the responsibility of the young to subsequent contingencies must be considered in any discussion of heredity or substitution."

One typical case concerned a young girl who was unable to live in peace, and who had a deadly fear of water. Her mother didn't think when she heard about it. According to her, the fear couldn't be eradicated. It was hereditary. She suffered a similar fear, and so did her mother.

A psychiatrist got to work on the family. He knew that women are sometimes nervous when they bath babies. Eventually he discovered that the grandmother had been under the care of a midwife who wasn't too careful about the way she used a washcloth on the child, with the result that the infant had her word cut off the nose excusively. That was the start of the fear. When that infant grew up and had a baby, she unconsciously communicated her fear to her child by over-cautious admonitions in regard to water, and her daughter followed the same pattern. The psychiatrist was gradually able to allay the young woman's fear following an explanation of the cause.

And so yet another health fallacy was exploded.



OUT there in the back country  
they'll tell you the story of  
Hogan's wife. You might think it's a  
bit crazy, but I went through there  
a trifle while ago, and I got it  
straight, and there's nothing crazy  
about it. She was all they said, that  
woman, and the way I tell you is the  
way it happened.

You know that country. Well, a  
cold and the dust makes your pulse.  
The heat shimmer like silk. The  
bones of snakes lie bleaching in the  
sun. The people are barren and  
strange and hard as the hard earth.  
Their rude shacks speak the language  
Nothing much happens in  
them except hardship. They've been

rate flux and drought and poverty.  
But they have no complaints. They  
live and they die and the church  
bells toll for a misery.

When that thing happened it was  
not that there hadn't been any warning.  
Hogan's wife had heard the  
broadcast early that morning. It had  
been repeated. The man was a horri-  
ble man, armed, mean, the cattle  
stealer, and dangerous. He was on a  
feet or travelling north. Beyond a  
measly interest she had taken  
little notice.

When the sharp crack sounded she  
ran to the window. Suddenly she  
ran mad in horror, her dark eyes  
glowing, her body stiff, then

relaxing into a fit of weeping. Her older son, Jimmy, lay on the ground, still she could see his eyes open and the red patch forming over his face. Her little son clutched at her dress, crying out, "Jimmy's dead!"

He was about to run outside when his mother clasped his shoulder and pulled him back.

"Stay! Stay!" she said.

The radio police message had been over with its true import. The sentences, the words, jumped into her mind, quivered there. Dad, recurred, "Armed", "Dangerous", "Miasis".

She called to her son lying on the dark ground. There was no response. She was numb, gauze-trunk, horrified—remembering how only a few minutes ago Jimmy had gone out of the house, presents—a cart load of beans and green whirling he had been laughing and joking and saying excitedly how he hoped his father wouldn't forget to bring home the boxing gloves he had promised.

And Hogan's wife had been right, too—firstly porous that at last after two months' absence Jim would come home from the diamond dig for which he hungry stood about her, and his tattered rags, his battered suitcase bursting with presents, his frame, his voice, and his newly-brightened filing the house.

She cried a bit there. But she was not a woman to let her grief and shock cloud her reason, or drive her into hysterical destruction. She had suffered too much for that. This was the woman who bore her second child in a galloping gallop on a horseless night, who when her third child died in infancy took the tiny body, placed it in a fruit box, and buried it herself. Before she had

children she couched it with Big Joe wherever he went on his work.

Holding the little boy not to show himself—he was crying, still with the shock in his eyes of seeing his brother lying there as Isham—Hogan's wife put the hat she wore, one of her husband's, on a stick and slowly advanced it beyond the body. The stick was passed out of her hand, and the hat went splashing.

"Get back, right inside, Allen."

She looked drowsily at the suitcase and the two bundles tied up, containing the things they needed for the journey.

"Won't we go to our Aunt Katie's now?" the boy asked. His mother, staring drowsily, did not reply, and he turned to cry. She took him up to her lap.

"No, you, of course, we will go to a little while. You are a silly brat to be crying." She snuffed gently, for she could see the boy's tears and distressness. "Do you think we would disappoint Aunt Katie?"

"What'd the bad man shoot Jimmy for?" he interrupted.

"Especially," she assumed, "he's going to stay there for a few days so you can have lots of fun on the farm. And isn't Daddy going to meet us there and bring us home? We wouldn't want to disappoint him, would we?"

"No fear," the boy said.

"Well, now don't you cry. You're a little man, and your mamma will take you to Aunt Katie."

She had been going the previous day, but had decided for no reason to wait until this afternoon. Had she gone, none of this would have hap-

pened, she would not be on this frightened pilgrimage. But she was not to know. Regrets were useless.

The little boy looked at her. "What about Jimmy? Will he come, too?"

"Yes, Jimmy will come, too."

"The lot's shot."

"You," said Hogan's wife, "but don't

you think about it. You are down there and a good boy and don't worry. Your mamma has to think."

Hannigan, she told the implications of his grief and terror, but she was too bewitched to act logically. She was Hogan's wife, and he was greater in a woman's way, and she was in less a woman than he was man. She had the same cool courage and unfriendly temperament in a woman.

She took the rifle from the corner, but even before she looked she knew the breach was empty. There was no ammunition in the house. She went to the wardrobe in her room, thinking there might be a cartridge left in the shotgun. There was none. She looked at the side wall, at an array of sabres, pistols, bayonets, muskets and all the other brass-tipped or worn—all the trophies Big Joe had accumulated in New Guinea and the Middle East and borne proudly and rumblingly home. Not one of them made an effective weapon for her.

She looked out along the driveway road that climbed the hill. Nothing moved on it except the dust eddies. It never seemed so God-forsaken. The soldier had never seemed so awesome; what help, if any, would come?

The morning went and time crept around to this afternoon.

Hogan's wife sat there drowsily. The little boy, Allen, had gone to sleep.

She had forced him to take sleep. She went to the window again. For the hundredth time, and called to the person form "Jimmy".

There was no answer, and she sat down again on the old bed. She had already experienced once more to tell if the killer was still watching the house. She had wrung a handkerchief around a bundle of clothes. The first bullet whizzed past it. The second drilled it so clean as if it had been her own hand.

The killer was over there at the shelter on the crest. He never took his eyes off the house. He was waiting for another object to fit against the bone of his rifle. With cold deliberation and a vicious sort of lisp as though he were exterminating hated pests, he would gather the living thing into his sights and fire.

Hogan's wife now laid, saw this in her mind, as clearly as if the man were walking not a yard from her.

She knew they were trapped, with death merely choosing the moment to strike. It would be futile to attempt to bring in Jimmy. It was impossible to get away in any direction. A few yards and they would be shot like animals. If they went out through the back of the house, and worked away, holding it between them and the killer—even that was too risky. They couldn't hope to gain any cover before the perspective dissolved, and he saw them. Also, he might change his angle.

"We're trapped to die," she told herself, enraged by her helplessness. "But, no, it can't be. It's all so

she tried to reason. Early that morning when the children were playing around the house there had been no trouble. The killer, perhaps,

had not been there then. Perhaps he had been asleep. How had he known the place was haunted? Perhaps he had seen them, but had decided with deliberate callousness to wait until they should reappear and push them off at last?

But now, since he had shot George, he went realize he had given his word away. Why didn't he come down to the house and shoot them? Perhaps he was wounded and could not move. Where was the car? Had it broken down, leaving him stranded? Had there been an accident? Was he, this strange, sick creature, lying there injured, waiting for death, but relishing his last fire with fire, satisfying every whim of hatred in hell? Or, perhaps he found she was armed and would not therefore approach in the face of certain death. But, and

true, her intuition resolved this suspicion into a conviction. She felt it was the reason he did not come to kill her.

Then she remembered. Her eyes lit with a dolor hope. She went into the bedroom and forced up a drawer-bait. Into the dark corner, where she could see nothing, she thrust her hand and brought out an old switchblade object. She searched for more, but there were none.

Hagan's wife blessed her husband. God did he know, she thought, when he said that halting place to prove the more dangerous of his weaknesses that one day the finding of a less heroic than would move like a miracle of God.

The grenade was some protection. It was like a friend, as if her husband had been there to comfort and



"If you won't marry me, darling, then I don't want to live."

rescue her. She remembered the scared way she watched him as he pulled the pin, and laughingly bared the deadly bolt; how it burst in the rain in a shower of earth and with a roar that made her sick. The bullet hit Joe had passed off like that just to show her how it was done.

Hagan's wife went back into the room. The little boy was awake, looking out of the window.

"Mama," he cried. "George! He moved!"

She went to the window. She saw that the soldier in her son. She cried out: "George, he still! He still! my dear son, for your life, he still!"

She saw the boy's eyelids flickering. She kept sitting him to lie still. She saw his non-understanding, his curiosity, but as she moved out in anguish he was obscured.

"George," she kept her voice down. "You are all right."

"Yes" and the boy, lying still and flat. "I thank ye. But my hand aches terribly."

Hagan's wife, now with hope rekindled, began to plan simply and easily. There only chance to get away was after dark. The killer must realize that. He certainly would not let them escape. After dark, too, was the only safe time for him to approach the house, as long as he thought she was armed. He would waste no time. As soon as the night covered him he would move on them swiftly.

The night darkened, and the women watched. Shutting her eyes she was at last certain she saw the dark bulk come down towards the house. She waited. He moved cautiously, but Hagan's wife heard him, the tight scuff of his boots. She knew

all the weaks of her own earth, and to her an alien's feet were clean.

As the killer approached, he heard a woman singing a haunting and beautiful lullaby. It was clear, sweet. He relaxed slightly. The woman was putting her child to sleep. There was no danger for her, she must be thinking. Or did she hope to reach his heart? She was singing as if she were safe and unafraid.

The murderer must have thought something like that, as Hagan's wife had imagined, for he did not proceed around the house, but crept through the great door and towards the room where the voice was. In the feeble light of the hurricane lantern, he looked cold and horrified. He raised his rifle, holding it at hip level, and kicked open the door, shouting: "THY god will you sleep forever, and you, too!"

He did not see the grenade, could not see it fly through the open window. In a thunderous roar and a coloured flash the house burst under and flames began to lick up, incinerating themselves, gorging at the bottoms of smoke and dust.

"This is the end of him," said Hagan's wife, standing with her arms in the cool air. "He is gone."

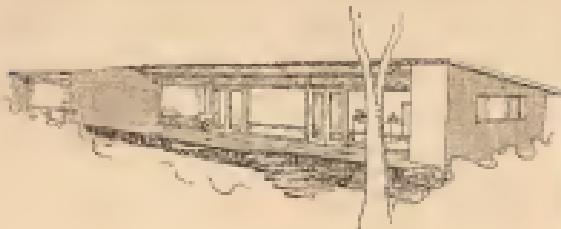
"Our grandfather, he's gone, too," said the little boy. "And now we won't have any more grandpas."

"You we will, my baby," said Hagan's wife. "We'll have the finest grandfather in the world. We'll get the mire and put her in the salky and go to Austin Mote's straightforward, and we'll have—We'll have—"

He started to weep. Out of pity for Joe, the man he was and the way he failed, and because he built the house that she destroyed.

That was Hagan's wife.

# CAVALCADE



# HOME OF THE MONTH

No. 5

ARCHITECT: EVA BUNNICH, B.I.B.A.

**PLANNED** for a young couple or even a bachelor who prefers to do his own house-keeping this home fits on one of the sloping lots so common in Sydney.

size French doors for ventilation is used. If further ventilation is required the bottom panels could be made to slide.

A wide roof overhang shades the glass wall which would ideally face north to get all the winter sunshine and none of the summer sun. The water enters through a small hole

with free-standing coat cupboard.

Another economic feature, suitable for a small household, is the combination of bathroom and laundry. As building regulations don't permit a toilet in a bathroom that contains washing equipment a separate toilet has been provided. A door leads from the bathroom straight to the drying area.

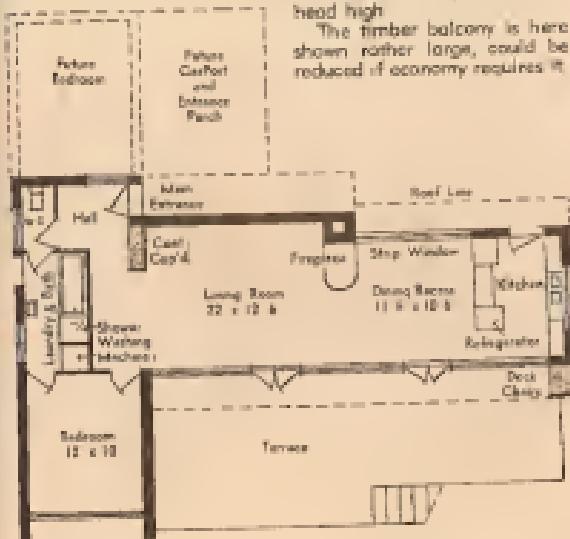
The bedroom is small but

could be enlarged if space were available. Built-in wardrobes have been omitted for economy's sake but could be included. A second bedroom with access to the hall and bathroom could be added later.

At the same time an open porch, also serving as front porch could be added unless garage facilities were available elsewhere.

The projecting fireplace is the main feature of the living room. Furniture between kitchen and dining area could be either counter-high or door-head high.

The timber balcony is here shown rather large, could be reduced if economy requires it.



Stranger and

STRANGER



#### ROUND CORNERS

It has happened at last! A rifle which can shoot around corners has been invented. It has two barrels, each pointing in the opposite direction. The barrels run parallel to within a few inches of the muzzle, then turn at right angles to one another. But that is not all. The rifle is fitted with a built-in watch, thermometer, barometer and compass. Also, there are spectacles for better vision and a compass. Now we have now everything.

#### BRIGHT NAME

A new invention from America will now carry thanks among amateur experts. It is a "gun"—like a gun that goes. It is loaded with rolls. To operate, the trigger is pressed, the first roll slides down to pointed, you then hammer it into place and go on to the next part where you want to put a nail.

#### SUG-HEARTED

There is a butcher in Brazil who has two hearts. That is not all he has that is unusual, he also possesses 20 wives and 40 children. At least, they were the figures at the last count. The butcher's name is Geraldo

Machado, and he has been offered \$250 to beneath his body to a medical school for post mortem studies. Machado is 28 years of age and he says that when one of his hearts stops beating the other will carry on.

#### TIME KIND WORD

Policemen in Myrtle Corner, South Carolina, USA, thought they would do kind words with trade offenders, instead of enforcing the law. But it didn't work out. So the police put up the notice: "We have tried everything we know, including repeated warnings. Now all we can do is enforce the law."

#### SHRINKFLAME SAID IT

The Head of Aves wrote, "Where is a name?" Well, maybe he would know. But the name of the Indian delegates to the Commonwealth Relations Committee in London is Sir Tirrydyngwyl. Ysgafnysgarnhawys. We would hate to name him. While on nation, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rhodes of New Orleans, had a son, and, unable to think of a name for him, they placed an ad in the local paper, asking for suggestions,



# WINDSHIPS WENT TO WAR

When the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, the call came for ships—even windships.

A GAMBLING ship sailed to war and sank her fate in the long, lonely reaches of the vast South Atlantic at the hands of a Nazi submarine.

That's the story of the proud Star of Scotland, one of the fine sailing ships to not survive in World War II and one of the very few to be sunk by enemy action.

Built in 1877 at the Keppelworks, this adventurous ship of chance was originally a magnificent four-mast bark that sailed with the fastest ships of her time. Specialty passenger she made across the ocean, but her grace and speed counted for nothing as steam gradually replaced wind-power and the Keppelworks,

freighter since of iron, wood and the refined products of the British Isles, was sold to the Alaska Packers Association for their fleet of old square riggers that loaded up with cannery workers each spring and sailed from France to Alaska for the salmon pack. They named her Star of Scotland in keeping with the grand old "blue" names given to all of their ships.

But that was only a temporary respite for the aging windship and when the Association sold their aging fleet in the 1890's the Star of Scotland became a gambling ship, was renamed the Star, and entered to patrons of chance at an anchorage off San Pedro, California. Fortune

were won and lost on her decks or her darkly finished salons by a mongrel crew who were brought out to the floating cause by special motor launches from the California shore.

Then came Pearl Harbour . . . the acquisition of U.S. merchant shipping by the government . . . tremendous losses in tonnage and the impossible demand for bottoms. Ships were the "crying" ships of any kind. Freight rates were sky high and the big six-masters, which had fine lives in a civilian occupation, attracted the eye of some shaggy men who knew no more as they do how hot here was a vessel still good for the sea.

Changing owners again,<sup>1</sup> the *Rex* went into dry dock where they stripped the rotten timbers on her bottom, replaced the sheeting, renewed her rotten masts, sanded on her heavy steps and threads to support the tall masts, and gave her a normal rig as a substitute instead of a hulk.

A call in the middle' having held in San Pedro brought some visitors returning, a couple who had sailed in the *Rex* in her bolder days. Down the harbour she went at the end of a towage, her sails were hoisted to the breeze, and off she bounded through the long reefs for Astoria, Washington where they landed her with rough hands. Two million feet of it was stowed in her holds.

There weren't much feelings here when she was finally loaded and with the timber rattling around and rapping under decks, they walked her expertly bound, decked down her masts and headed out for the long haul round the Horn.

The long haul round Cape Horn to Cape Town was made in 124 days, after which the *Rex* discharged her lumber and lay at anchor for many weeks because of charter complications. One fair day, however, Captain Christian Flink finally got his cabin squared away, took in the cables, and set out for Rio de Janeiro in silence.

Ten days later the graceful old windjammer was running across the South Atlantic before a sparkling brass from dead ast, the big beams straining the sheets till they cracked in the blocks and the huge spread of canvas drawing taut as the sharp bow of her sliced the waves like a scissip and threw white water splashing 'round the forecastle.

All said was not except the big cotton job which measured 125 feet on the height and was not up because it blundered the following square sail on the forecastle to make a hove-to. By the skipper's morning sight they were 28° S latitude, 8° W longitude, 220 miles from the nearest land.

It was then that a German submarine crossed the *Rex* of Scotland's path, however hard he beat, as the *Rex* would have, back to France after a long voyage.

The skipper had just finished working out his morning position when the man at the wheel reported seeing something on the port quarter.

The skipper got his glasses and was trying to spot the object when the first shot whistled over, clearing the masthead.

Several more shots came over in quick succession, a couple of them splashing in the water ahead and the other crashing squarely midships as the Germans got the name Captain Flink too at once that there

was nothing to do but abandon ship, but as a windjammer pressing along under straining canvas this was no simple matter of turning a throttle and stopping the propeller.

All hands were on deck now, as Captain Flink ran down the foredeck, shouting commands to take it real.

"Get in that forecastle. Cut her down! If you have to . . . take this narrow off her . . . Let go your bullyards on the sea."

He fired some of the lines himself as more shells came over, landing on the forward deck house and cracking at highly dangerous to try to hit at the big superstructure on the forecastle. While he considered the chances of getting forward, still another shell hit the deck house, this one smashing a tank that held 40 gallons of gasoline, setting it instantly afire and spreading the flaming liquid forward to the forecastle and all to the midships hatch so flares shot skyward up the passageway.

It was time to "Jones her Johnny, leave 'er!"

In the excitement of getting away as quickly as possible from the shells the crew lowered the boat and pushed away from the vessel's side without warning the the mate or the skipper, who had gone below for his pocket and some other papers. Mr. Sorenson, the mate, did down the falls in an attempt to drop onto the boat before it pushed off from the single side but he missed the try and fell from the bows into the sea. The ship was making several knots at this time and while the wave in the boat tried to save him, Captain Flink was left behind to launch the remaining boat himself, a boat that is a job for two and a half

difficult effort for a lone man on an unsteered ship. The fore and main masts now had passed through, crashing onto the deck and the hull worked so he turned to get away from the submersible before the latter's mines also went by the board.

The mate was soon swept overboard and although they threw him a life ring when he appeared for a second in the wake of the submersible's wash, he sank under a heavy roll before he could reach it and was never seen again—the only one of the 18 men crew to be lost.

About twenty shots had been fired, most of them hitting the ship, before the sub decided to let the flames have their way and activate its gun. And as the *Rex* of Scotland had now slowed down and lost most of its way, the submersible turned up beside Captain Flink's boat and ordered him on board, where the German commander acknowledged him in very good English.

"Good day, Captain," he said. "I am sorry to sink you. I was called in and myself . . . I am an adviser at sailing ships. A tragedy, but it is over."

Captain Flink stood at his floating vessel while the German answered his questions, all in good English.

"Where are you bound, Captain? I see that you are too light for cargo—no doubt you brought lumber to Cape Town, is it not so?"

As the youthful commander answered his questioning there on the U-boat's deck, he seemed intent on taking Captain Flink to Germany, an indication that the big submersible was probably returning to Bremerhaven or a French base after crossing off the South American coast.

After some anxious argument, the Star of Scotland's master convinced the Germans that the survivors would probably be lost if he were not in the best to help them investigate, an argument that evidently persuaded the Germans to let him go. He did, however, make Captain Flinch promise, as a condition of his release, not to end or a stop carrying supplies to be used against Germany—and this promise was kept, for Flinch confined his operations during the balance of the war to merchant vessels bound for Pacific trading ports. Captain Flinch also had to surrender his mastodon, glasses, two guns and some clothing before being allowed to depart in the lifeboat.

The U-boat then towed the lifeboat around for a while as a floating supply for the piloted coast and, before casting off the towline, the captain doffed those cans of powdered bread to make up for some libelous supplies which had become waterlogged.

While the proud old warhorse became completely enveloped by flumes the miners on the U-boat put others more alive in him. The captain looked at his watch as she went down slowly—almost definitely—by the head. It was just 4:30 p.m., almost eight hours after the first shot was fired.

Better stocked with supplies than most torpedoed crews, the men had ample stores for a long voyage under the circumstances. A check of provisions showed that they had twenty pounds of bacon in dried-out in an unopened U-boot, of course; twenty pounds of liver biscuits, two cans of sweet milk, four

cans of condensed milk, two cans of sprouts, twenty pounds of bacon and the three cans of bread provided by the sub.

The skipper then made a return schedule for the trip, allowing each of the sixteen men an inch and a half of water each day from a tin cup, plus an inch of canned liver biscuit and half an sprout. Wiping the cover that he could get them to last in twenty days, he set a course for the coast of Africa, which seemed at the moment, half the world away. The wind was fresh southwesterly, and rigging rooms and all several cans to take advantage of it, they loaded the small craft as near as safety would allow.

When the can of powdered milk gave out and ration grew slender their diet was augmented by drying fish, those graceful denizens of the waves hitherto that have saved many a shipwrecked man from starvation by swimming over the water and leaping into the boat.

Fair winds held for the Star of Scotland's men throughout the trip and Captain Flinch made his hospital on the eighteenth day, forty-eight hours sooner than had been expected. They had logged 1,000 miles when Robert Kennedy, an AB from New York City, sighted a shadowy line on the horizon which, an hour or so later, proved to be the distant coast of Africa.

"It sure did look wonderful," says AB Kennedy. "It looked just like heaven."

Five days' repairs still remained when the Star of Scotland's survivors galloped their sturdy whaleback up on the beach near Agadez. They were taken to Gao Town and from there repatriated to the United States.

# FAME CAME EASILY



New Zealand had bushrangers, too! Here, George and Harry job their "hired men" to bring in supplies, food and water needed on their secret hideout in the hills of the moon.

In a pleasant cool gully, high on the mountain side, a sparkling creek gurgled its way to the weary traveler to drink. A man stood in front of a tent, pitched on the creek bank; he gave perfunctory supervision to three men who seemed to be doing the work of tenders.

Matthew Miller, riding down his peripatetic sheep farm at Papatuan, had cast his eye on the huddled Mount Marquette. He decided to water his horse at the creek. The three supposed shepherds—gentry snatched him as soon as his horse

dipped its nose to the cooling water.

Before Miller could jump his mount away, one note had gripped his left leg, severing bone from the saddle on the off side, where another worked to drag him to the ground while the third gripped the bridle of the startled horse. Miller started up from his prone position into the black haze of a pistol, aimed between his eyes.

The men at the tent stood watching, nodding his head with obvious approval, while his men followed Miller to his holiday spending money. Having done so, they mounted him into the bush and fed him to a tree.

A plane passenger sat looking out of the window when suddenly he saw a parachutist pass him. "Get out to join me!" called the parachutist. "No, thanks," shouted the passenger. "I'm quite happy here." The parachutist shouted back. "Just as you like. I'm the pilot."

Henry Garrett, pronounced by many to be the star of the bushranging firmament of New Zealand, had claimed his first victim at the spot which was to become known as Skinning Up Gully. The date was October 16, 1872.

Garrett worked on a system that paid dividends on that day. He left one man to guard Miller and subsequent visitors to left the three "bushy gettins" carrying on their apparently useful occupation; but, himself, continued to kill in front of the tent, while he sent two men down the track to where it joined the Gibbons Gully to Burnside road. These last were to point out the advantages of the short cut to travellers, most of whom would be coming from the diggings with gold in their pockets.

Some visitors fought strenuously, while some submitted quietly to the inevitable. Some had little opportunity to fight. Garrett safely ins-

erted a lodging-house keeper, Moloney, into the tent for a peekin' of tea, and while he held the visitor's revolver one of his men poked a pistol into his back.

By the end of the day, Garrett had taken four hundred pounds from these victims, all of whom were tied to trees under guard. He was affluent and drowsily throughout his pique with his prisoners, and he filled and lit their pipes for them. His long ride of 11 miles, leaving there, lasted to the next.

The hold-up at Garrett's skiff to burn in New Zealand, for his other bushranging activities across the Tasman were evaded and received little publicity. He was born in England in 1833 and transported to Norfolk Island for a murderous attack, as a young soldier, on an officer. From the "Hell of the Pacific" he was released to Hobart Town in 1858. He headed to New South Wales on route for the golden promises of Ballarat, in Victoria.

Garrett himself, made silent to a post in the party of the "Walers" in Port Phillip Bay but no other steeds support him. In Ballarat, he organised a gang of four and started a bank robbery with selected guns. They are reported to have taken \$14,000 in notes and some hundred ounces of gold.

For that one Victorian exploit Garrett must be reckoned high among the mammals of the city. Garrett made no attempt to cash his share of the bank notes. But an accomplice did and was arrested. He confessed, and the trial of the leader led a detective to England. He arrested Garrett, who was posing as a gentleman of means and living in luxury near Oxford. Garrett made his rea-

lized journey to Australia from the end of his term in 1865, he was sentenced to ten years penal servitude in the British Isles.

"Captain Midnight", the Claude Powell of Victorian bushrangers, was serving part of his thirty-two years' and one-half in the bulk "Terror", off Williamstown, near Melbourne, at that time. In captivity, he was freed, disengaged into a fixed insurance and organised a desperate attempt to escape in one of the boats used to transport convicts from the bulk to the quay-side, where they laboured during the day.

Warder O'Brien was murdered, and one convict killed by gunfire from the stage before the escape was discovered. Records do not disclose whether Garrett took part in the attempt, but Burgess later confirmed that he had murdered Warder O'Brien was one of Garrett's gang at Stocking Up Gully. He was hanged later for another hold-up on similar lines, when five victims were murdered in one day. Kelly and Sullivan also took part, in both hold-ups. Kelly was hanged with Burgess (self-styled murderer of eight men), while Sullivan was shipped out of New Zealand, for reward for Queen's Evidence.

Garrett did play a part, though only in one of the raids, in another organised raiding on the Sevens in March 1882. John Pape, the terror of Norfolk Island convicts, had become Inspector-General of Prisons in Victoria. He was brave, if foolish, when on inspecting the bulk, he left his guards well back, while he moved freely among the convicts.

Pape was the most hated man by the convict population of Australia. Melville (Captain Midnight's tree

name) howled and directed the attack. More weapons were stolen unopposed aboard from the quarry. Some of these piled down on the head of the victim, and others, recklessly fired by the "Sexton", punched the body to the dock, where boats draft the final death blow.

The thirst for vengeance was slaked by death, the mob submitted quietly under the threat of guns. Garrett escaped the horrible penalty, the main evidence against him being that he was one of the closest to Pape when the officer fell. Fathoms were sentenced to death, seven owing at rope's end, seven were reprieved. Midnight eluded the official penalty by drowning himself in his cell.

Thereafter, Garrett became a model prisoner, earning his ticket of leave in 1881. He "jumped" the colony of Victoria, finding passage to New Zealand, where he headed the the gold of Gibbons Gully. He decided promptly to dig for it with a pistol. Stocking Up Gully became his first, and last, major effort in that direction.

After the hold-up, Garrett rode directly to Dunedin and caught a boat for Sydney. He was at sea when the police arrested the visitors' guard, Anderson, who got three years, and he was delivered to Sydney when Kelly and Burgess fought a shooting retreat from police hunting. They were not charged with the hold-up, but with shooting at a policeman.

Garrett was arrested in Sydney with one of the stolen watches in his possession. It earned him an eight year sentence. With Burgess shooting him, Garrett attempted a mutiny on the lines of those he had participated in on Norfolk Island and on

the States. It failed, as violence became mainly vocal.

Thereafter, after profiting by his Victorian experience, Garrett turned model prisoner and, more than that, one professing a deep religious faith. He put such a good face on his "reformation" that he ministered prison, if misguided, penitence in his case. They who had a say-so and release in Dunedin, he set himself up as a local preacher, building up an organization as an eloquent preacher, for good works, and for pity.

He apparently prospered in his new field, but, during that time, the Dunedin police were greatly troubled and criticised about a series of burglaries which they had failed to pin on anyone. It was not until the proprietor of a used store walked into his shop one night that the mystery was solved. He caught the released bushranger unshaded, and Garrett went back to gaol under sentence of ten years on each of two charges.

For that, his fourth term as a convict, Garrett abandoned violence, maintaining that results of pity and dignity had won him many releases on two prior occasions. He wrote extensively, attributing his clever of crime to the current system.

In this respect he was walking a special path to Andrew George Scott, who, during his first term of imprisonment for bank robbery at Kaituna, near Rotorua, at first behaved with maximal violence, and then reformed to win reprieve. He embarked on a lecture tour, liberating the "System", but abandoned it for the more profitable, if more hazardous, task of bushranger, under the pseudonym of Captain Morris. He was hanged in Sydney after

surviving the gaolers on the "People of Wainuihakapiti".

Garrett, however, had abandoned the way of crime, of necessity, since he was in confinement. He was unfortunate in some of his examples of virtuous of the "System".

Burgess, with eight children, one before he was transported for the petty theft, was typical. His accomplice, Kelly, belonged to a family of criminals, one, at least, being hanged for a bushranging murder on the Ocean Dwyers, in Victoria.

In the Clarke Brothers, Garrett was equally unfortunate, for, before Tom Clarke "turned out", earlier he, and his two brothers, conspired with him to make their the tower of the Moana, had been in gaol, with one other exception. Tom spent a few days in Bradfield lock-up, after voluntarily surrendering to the police for the theft of a horse for which the police had no record. He made a jail-break and became one of Australia's wild colonial boys gone wilder.

Looking back on Garrett's record, it seems apparent that his claim to fame as the six bushrangers of New Zealand has little to support it in criminal acts in New Zealand. It rests on petty theft, gaol violence, and one major case of highway robbery under arms. That major case was overshadowed by the grisly horror of the murders in one day started by Burgess, Kelly and Sullivan under the leadership of a "clever skiv", Lucy.

But, Garrett did get much more publicity, and most of it was from the pen of Garrett. He died a free man, but with his name in ill-fame well-published, at Lyttleton, at the age of seventy-five.



LAST, WAY

# EVEN THE BIG SHOTS FALL

I was so conducted with the greatest secrecy, the experiment went in there were afraid of the secret.



IN the late summer of 1931, some days of heat, Germany, where duties took them, past the offices of the Ministry of Economy, was presented by a new building that was being erected on a vacant lot near it. The vacant lot belonged to the Ministry, and building operations were being pushed in frenzied haste. Employees of the Ministry knew nothing about it, and they could think of no reason for the new building, or for the panic basis of the operations. A few top officials had scraps of information, but only scraps, only enough to excite more curiosity.

The building was not large; it was about the size of a cottage, while its dimensions, and the arrangement of its rooms, failed to fit the design of any residence ever known. Nor was it a good building. It was being thrown together without thought of architectural beauty or durability, or anything that anyone could imagine. It was completed about the middle of August, and neither the workers who built it, nor the people who saw it being built, could even guess at its purpose.

Truck-loads of glass began to arrive. They were carried into the place with infinite care. The unloading was supervised by a tall, bony German in his late thirties, and a lanky young blonde. The tall man rarely spoke; his face was

always a bleak mask, and he moved silently. He got rid of the materials as quickly as possible, and none in the neighborhood, or in the Ministry, knew him, now, that is except one top official and the Minister himself.

One or two top officials knew that his name was Hermann Möncke, and that the girl was used to be his nurse, but, from the time the cars arrived with their frantic contents, all September 3, 1931, the building remained closed and locked, and Möncke remained sealed with his Minster assistant.

There, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th, a procession of prisoners was arrived at the make-shift building. They carried pitchforks and some of the richest men in Germany, tycoons of the big coal, and steel monopolies and bankers.

As soon as the company was inside, the doors were securely locked, and all the windows were shattered. Möncke led them haphazardly to the central part of the building, and they stood on a platform overlooking a small, but ingeniously designed, chemical laboratory. They looked down on a mass of crooked glass tubes, and of huge glass plates, with a miniature electric furnace at an heart. The furnace was already glowing to a white heat, and the girl was busy with an array of scientific instruments.

Möncke showed each of the visitors to examine the substance with which he was to charge the retort. Each guest writhed himself that the material was, in fact, a very common, and cheap, and derivative. Then Möncke and the girl put on gau-masks, and commenced the great experiment. The group of visitors

were switched, and held their breath.

The progress of the experiment was spectacular. There was at first a soft hissing sound which rose to a roar. Multi-coloured green began to roll through the glass tubes, glowing like liquid. In response to each roar from Möncke, the girl fed small quantities of other substances to the furnace from time to time, and the glowing process crept along the glass tube, filled gaunt pitcher, forced themselves up into every will, and finally the powdered smoke of gas returned to the furnace.

There was a scuttled report that shock the building. In the same instant, Möncke jerked down a switch and cut off the power to the furnace.

The privileged spectators leaned forward eagerly while Möncke and his nurse emptied the contents of the retort onto a marble-topped table. They did it very carefully, and then removed their masks. The residue was a powder-like, sub-white dust, and Möncke beckoned the group to the table. They stood close around it, watching while the girl sifted the dust through a fine filter. In the dust was a small diamond.

The company went to another room, leaving the blonde girl to clean up the laboratory. The city's leading judge of pearls was examined, and looking in with the exalted company. He was shown the diamond. Was it a genuine diamond? Did it differ in any way from other diamonds he sold?

The expert declared emphatically that it was a diamond of good quality. It was too small to be of any value, but its quality was excellent. He was dismissed without being told the origin of the stone. There was

one were question, and Meissner answered it with supreme confidence.

"The diamond is small," he said. "It is small because the laboratory is only a model; the experiment was on a small scale. No purpose was to prove my discovery. Give the proper equipment, and I'll produce bigger diamonds."

After what they had seen, the tycoons were sold. They were ready to invest, and they did, to the tune of a million marks.

The story of Meissner's discovery was as secret as the experimental itself. A business expert named Ernst Werner had been visiting Berlin. At his hotel in the Wittenberg sector, he was told by a visitor of a brilliant Berlin engineer who had patented a process by which diamonds could be manufactured from the by-products of coal. His name was Hermann Meissner. He was an Indian, shrewdly guarded, but he was anxious to offer his discovery to the German authorities.

Werner was a close friend of a high official in the Ministry of Economy, so Werner flew to Bonn and told his friend.

The Ministry saw the great possibilities in the discovery, and brought Meissner out. The master was kept a close secret until Meissner had everything ready to prove his claim.

And now it was proved, the material was developed, the diamond he produced was a pure diamond. This elite group sittin around a table in that radio-with building formed themselves into a company on the spot. It was later registered as the HAMAKO Company. It had a large capital.

The only other person taken into

the company was Hermann Alte, who controlled finance in the Bonn Government. Meissner was established in a full-scale laboratory in the French zone of Germany, and left alone.

The affair remained a tight secret. Though the company was registered, its aims were stated in terms so general that they gave no hint of its real purpose. In spite of which the U.S. High Commission in Germany heard about it. He summoned Edward, the Minister of Economy in the West German Government, to his headquarters. He told Edward all the essential details of the secret enterprise and then demanded that Meissner be transferred to the American zone. He argued that the Germans couldn't possibly finance it adequately, it needed American capital, he said, and he offered twenty million dollars on condition that he was given control of operations.

Edward baulked. He pretended that it was his intention all along to present the enterprise to the American authorities, but only after it became a going concern.

The Americans had fabulous offers for the purchase of the scheme, but refused to negotiate until the enterprise had become a going concern. Until they were even-producing diamonds of commercial value, they weren't prepared to make a deal. Security on Meissner's work was so strict that a powerful armed guard surrounded the building where Meissner worked, accompanied him when he went out, and guarded his residence night and day.

Hermann Meissner lived for a year in the constant company of armed guards and police dogs. The tycoons and government big shots passed out

their money, supplying everything that Meissner ordered. A year was a long time to wait for results, however, and, when none came, officials commenced further inquiries about Meissner's past — and they got answers.

One day in October, 1952, the police who were guarding Meissner suddenly got orders to arrest him.

Edward had learned that Hermann Meissner was a fraud. He was neither an engineer nor a scientist. He had been a policeman, had done time for smuggling, had become a private detective and had used that occupation as a cover for burglary. He had served eighteen months for that crime.

The beautiful "muse" was another paid-harm, and she was the brains behind the fraud. The diamond that came out of the retort on September 1, 1951, had been ranked under her

fingernail until it was time to let it drop into the filter. It had been so simple!

Centuries before that, Chaucer had swindled people by similar means. Balduin-Gremm, another crookbank, wore false diamonds which he claimed to have made himself. Many celebrated schemers, from the Middle Ages onward, recorded gallant encounters with the same trick, even Edgar Wallace wrote a book based on a modern version of the old trick. But it remained for a shabby house-breaker and his shop-worn dooms to put that cynical fraud over on a national scale that crossed international borders.

The German court the tried Meissner gave him only a year. They couldn't be too hard on him, he had given Germany its best laugh since the war.



# The Jealous Lovers

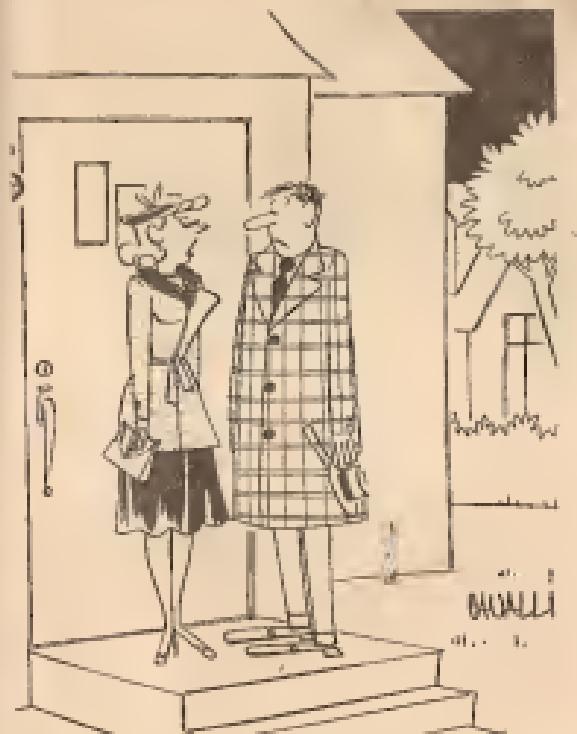


Below: Dick is a dancing teacher and... just to keep an eye on him  
Dale is married as a pupil! Here is this way, start of making your  
sport take orders from you. Overleaf: Dale does a high kick on the  
high-spill number of Leo Wallace's show. With such an expression of the  
passion you can understand why the keeps an eye on his wife.



## of Broadway

Dick Dale, 30-year teacher, is  
with partner Lydia, a dancer  
routine. They are professionally  
and their teacher in Broadway  
Dale's form? Maybe you can  
understand when you know that  
Dick is Dale's husband.



"Well, goodnight, Richard. And don't worry about my headache — I'm probably just hungry."



FRANCIS HAMILTON

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## WHO KILLED MY WIFE?

PETE sat on his favorite rear stool in the Blue Lamp and tapped the Gibson acoustic, his favorite harbinger brought him. He was thinking of Maxine, a million years gone now, a million years, seven or eight decades back and a hundred-dollar favorite bartender.

The one stool "The piano leaves you now, Mr. Lockner; Shift shift tonight." He stopped at his spot, "Unfinished business, Jerry? Blonds or brunettes?"

Jerry grinned, watching Mr. Gurney sit at the other end of the bar. Then he disappeared.

Pete played with the change from a five, his mind, amazingly, still on

Maxine. The divorce had been final a week ago. Today his bank told him he'd cashed the draft for fifty-five thousand. That ended it, completed the divorce settlement, and left Pete with the nickel and dime he'd started with. Well, should have at least a year they lived each other.

He looked up, surprised to find that Gurney had moved his drink down the bar to join him. Gurney had an offer on Pete's floor, they'd drunk together before, but there was something jolting about Gurney. Nothing Pete was wise about—just that Gurney was too smooth—and too fat.

"I just got a bid to the cocktail party, Lockner. Come on with me. It's always easier to knock away if there two of you."

"Why go at all?" Pete said unap-  
provingly. He felt like he needed a beer.

"She's a client of mine." He shrug-  
ped shakily, reminding Pete of a  
performing seal. "Got to keep 'em  
happy."

Pete watched the new bartender holding down Jerry's station. He was the only one, who made weak Old-  
fashioneds.

Pete was suddenly impatient with unaccountable bartenders. "Let's go then," he decided at last.

They knocked again, louder, at the fourth floor apartment. Pete laughed easily. "Quiet, for a party," he said to Gurney. "Bare off the right coat!"

Gurney examined his watch, "Early, maybe." He pulled out a key and looked at Pete enigmatically. "We could go in and wait."

Pete eyed the key dubiously. He was ready to sleep the whole thing, go home and rest, but Gurney was already using the key. They entered a room that was lighted, but cold.

"Listen, I don't know about that," Pete objected. Gurney handed him a key she left a note. "I'll take a quick look and see what the deal is."

Pete waited unapprovingly. The apartment disturbed him, like an old score revisited, like something out of his bad scoring back to memory. He saw the game, and realized with a wrench, he hadn't played since... He heard Gurney curse in the back, and turned to him.

Gurney was shaking. "Lewis got  
out of here, I can't get mixed up in

this. I'm as thin ice with the wife  
already."

This snared him by the shoulders. "What the hell's the matter?" he shouted. The guy were as he nervous.

Gurney pointed dolefully. "Seth's in  
there, dad." He twisted his hands. "Look, I was lying, the damn you  
wasn't client of mine. She's well, you  
know." He stumbled for a backdoor.  
"I got bids," he mumbled.

"Yeah, I know," Pete said. He pushed through into the bedroom. Something in black napkins lay across the quilted bed. Nyloned legs stuck out. Pete stepped closer, his mouth becoming dry as he saw the curve of her leg, the dark curling hair, silky black before the tie had been blown out of her. Pete's palms perspired as he looked down, his a second, hopefully.

He turned her over, feeling gingerly the still pliant warm flesh through the clothes. He wouldn't look at the little girl's face that had been grown up, he knew now why the room was familiar. Not tried with that furniture, some of the best results of his life.

More than the pain of death in his time was the surprise, the amazement that anyone could be so cruel to her.

Pete said quietly, "She used to be my wife."

Gurney stammered.

"Hold it," Pete said sternly. "With talk about it later, with the cops..." Gurney shook his head vigorously. "No. We'll get out of here," he argued. "My kids—"

"Shut up!" Pete tried to think. He'd figured Gurney for tougher than the. The way bothered him. He'd worked that draft today. If he knew

Klaus, she'd still have the money saved, certainly. The dinner party. Or her husband.

Garrison started to grin, sickly. "You're not in as good shape yourself, char."

"How's that again?"

"You came here this afternoon, killed your ex-wife in a police trap. Then you get me to come with you later to discover her. What if the police thought that?"

Pete stoked him. "You could explain it, for me."

"Sure. I'll tell you the right mood."

"Wait a minute, Garrison. You trying to threaten me?"

"Oh, no," Garrison said smoothly. "Just showing you how our interests, uh . . . coincide. We both leave now, quietly, char?"

Pete turned him mentally. But maybe Garrison was right. Pete had made a call nearby that afternoon. They could place him on the switchboard.

"Straighten up the plate, then. Wipe out your prints, you know where you left them."

Garrison snorted and quickly, Pete shuffled through the dresser, and the bushes on top, full of women's goss. No dress. She would not have looked it. Caught at a few days, worried about it, then called him to ask what is it. Money was gone; that Klaus never understood.

The telephone; the doorknob was buzzing. He peered from the bushes. Garrison had heard too, was standing near the door, hand in his coat pocket.

The rattle of keys sounded. Pete groaned. Klaus had handed all keys to the whole army. One man at a time in her life was Klaus's idea of complete baseness.

A man came through the door. Pete saw only a band of wavy reddish hair below his hat before Garrison struck. The man dropped and Garrison lunged at him, bloodless ready.

Pete came from the bedroom knoll at the man's side. "Know him?" he asked.

Garrison, breathing heavily, shook his head. Pete saw his weapon was the carved wooden Balinese figure Klaus kept on her night stand. He remembered, dully, the night he got it for her in Chatswood. Pete flipped the man over, looked at a partly fawn, pale-faced blood eyesnow. He searched him.

"Gone by the ways of Jesus Christ—Out of town." The man breathed rhythmically. "I guess you had to be here."

Garrison shrewdly handled his figures. "Let's go, then. No argument, huh?" Garrison said.

"And no caps?" Pete took the figure, wiped it off carefully with his handkerchief. He noted the little smear of blood on it.

"And no caps. I don't like that."

"You don't like it, I don't like it. Who does like it?" Pete snarled. "I hope we're doing the right thing. Let's go to your house, we need to build up our skins a little. Your wife is home!"

They got out of the bushing again, walked five blocks and parked up the next curving curb by Garrison's house.

"What about that cocktail party?" Pete asked.

"Something that comes up the last minute." Garrison shook his head again. "I had a telephone message at the office, that's all. Could have been a frame."

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long. Then the cops warned Harrigan to have Lockhart come in to headquarters.

"Nothing unusual, I hope?" Harrigan said. The cop, closing the door, answered.

"The just fight he killed his wife, that's all."

The suddenness with which Harrigan moved when the door closed startled Pete. Glasses and rule were whapped off and Harrigan plunged toward the kitchen. They collided and Harrigan grunted as Pete folded arms about his middle. They crept to the kitchen door and squeaky torture split through Pete's nerve centres as he felt the full force of Harrigan's knees.

Knuckle-popping blows rained against his face and jaws, right and left alternately. Then the back of his head struck hard metal and he went out.

Pete came to and disengaged himself from the kitchen range. Harrigan was gone, out the back way. When Peters hand crept to follow him He'd better get together with Garrigan and review their story in the light of what Harrigan had told the cops.

He marvelled at Harrigan's Harry-more-like calculation. Carefully putting Pete in a jackpot with a little oil added. They had found Glass already. Pete's only defense, the truth, would stick if they picked him up now.

Pete went back down the steps, climbed a fence, walked a couple of blocks and picked up a cab for Forest Hills, hoping he could avoid it out of Garrigan without risking this one terrible

Lights still flared in the house, but a worn-out Pete who deserved

Lots Garrigan were drawn and jabs drew, a blistering power drawn with cruel care to set off the lights in her hair. Her eyes were arched, but she couldn't keep the tears from trickling when she smiled at Pete.

He learned that Garrigan had received a series of phone calls and had gone out to see an urgent client. She wanted that he come in for another drink. She didn't have to struggle very hard to make him stay, especially after he sensed the weariness in her spirit. She was frail and worried about something.

Over a bottle of Pepe asked politely about the health of the children. Wound-eyed, she looked at him and laughed. "Don't rush me," she said. Pete learned that there weren't any children-yet. Garrigan's planning of them was nothing but a bad boy sympathy.

He took her by the shoulders, wondering how much he should tell her. He kept his face a mask and said: "Listen. He may be in a jam. How serious, I don't know." His voice still rasped, he added, "I don't think you should sit here all evening worrying. He'll just not worth it."

She gave way to a soft, swooning burble that lay lightly on his arm, where Pepe held her a precious moment until she pulled away, panting. "I know something was wrong. He's never brought anyone here before, and he acted so nervous."

Pepe made a small advantage of it. "You love your husband, don't you?" She looked away from him. "I don't want to see her suffer. Just what has he done?"

"Maybe nothing. But I'll find out."

He decided it was time for some



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quick research at the Blue Lamp, Jerry, he found with approval, had returned behind the bar. He splashed a little water into a double shot of bourbon for Pete and stood back to watch him drink, his eyes a delicate shadow of semi-concealed blue.

"Things have been happening," the bartender said. Pete gave him a quick look.

"Some men were here asking about you I think they were drinkers."

Pete nodded, evenly. "They think I killed my wife. Ex-wife," he amended. "What did they want?"

Jerry kept his dead pan. "Little things. When you were in law, who you left with how much you'd been drinking, what sort of humour you went in. Just little things."

Pete nodded. "How did you describe my humour, for instance?"

"That it probably wasn't your fault, just yours."

"Good."

Jerry went down the bar and was busy making a pair of buttered mugs. Then he came back. "Another thing. A big man with a silent-listed bill came in."

Pete's brain tickled off automatically. "Hustler?"

"He asked me the name of the man who left here earlier with Mrs. Givens. He wasn't a detective," Jerry said. "He paid me."

So saying, Jerry took a folded bill out of his pants pocket and slipped it in the cassette for the Police and Firemen's Widows' Fund on the backbar.

Pete looked at him questioningly.

"He gave me a lesson not to say he was asking for you," Jerry said. "I didn't even tell him I?" Jerry moved away.

What was Bertie's building? He

must have known Givens before, judging by the question held just to Jerry. Pete meant to ask Jerry about that but the bartender came hurrying back, a warning in his face.

"Stranger, Mr. Lockwood. Just checking than him."

Pete grabbed a look. The two men, bushy rounded, graying, wrinkled and looked squad room, right down to the judges sagged tops of their department-store shirts.

Jerry flicked a bar towel. "Might go back to the kitchen," he suggested. "See what she's serving for lunch tomorrow."

Pete gulped his drink and moved through the back of the bar. From the cover of the kitchen door he watched the cops sweep the room. When he left, one of them was in deep conversation with Jerry. The others were prowling about.

Pete took a couple of turns around the block, staring with himself. Figure it out, Lockwood. You always get a fair effort in return. Comes in a bit greater like Givens, get every weight off. What could he not carry with? What did he have on the bar, and where were Elsie's 12,000 checkbooks, anyway?

He found himself standing in front of his own office building, and thought of going up to his office to phone Jerry at the Blue Lamp.

He went up to his suite on the eighth floor, stepped on the big lights, thought better of it, stepped them off, and groped for the small green-shaded lamp on his desk. No use advertising.

The hand closed on the lamp shade and he twisted it back to surprise. The shade was worn. He turned it on and studied it, then sat down at his desk and lit a cigarette.

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The dark drawer was loose. He saw a finger along the upper surface and found where the lock had been pried open. He examined the other desks and the small file cabinet. Bergman had gone over the office carefully, leaving few signs of his work other than the broken locks.

A great night for breaking and entering. Elsie's apartment, Pete's apartment and office, and now—Pete jumped up, remembering Gurniger's office was on the same floor, on the opposite side of the building.

Light was streaming through the cracked glass doors but it angled out so he appreciated. He listened against the wall until the door opened slowly, cautiously, then he leaped off and hit, bursting the door open into the bulk of a man.

There came a snap from him as Pete held him hard, two fists to his middle. He came back clenching, thumbs probing for Pete's eyes and Pete backed away, thinking about the incoming left action before.

The bulky man ruffed his hair and Pete exchanged two more hooks into the enemy's midriff for a bruising blow on his forehead, high. They traded positions until the man was backed against the desk. Pete hauled him smashing behind him, and sensed the snap drove coming. He dropped and an adroitly subtlered the wall behind him.

A man grunted in the street be-

low. Both men turned an ear to it. His opponent was breathing in short rasping snatches, different from the effort he made, croakingly. "Break it off, kid." Cappone on the way up here now."

"What do you want?" Pete demanded.

"Look," the guy said, reasonably. Pete relaxed his hands, and something exploded on his chin. He didn't go down, but he was too dazed to argue any more. The man was gone.

Pete pulled himself together, wiped his eyes and took at the closed window. He looked around the office; it had gotten the same treatment as his. Not Bergman, then. Carefully, Pete flipped open a dark drawer, and Gurniger's company telephone book. He opened it to the last entry and noted the balance.

Seven hundred thirteen dollars and six cents. Enough to buy three squares a day and cigarettes besides, but only peanuts in the spectrum of a business like this. Expenses could eat it up in a week. Which might explain Mrs. Gurniger's warning. She knew they were short and she was putting a lot of hope on the place Pete had supposedly gone to interview.

Pete moved no longer, but hauled down the hall and dashed into the stairway when he heard the elevator coming up. The two plainclothesmen he'd seen in the Blue Lamp got out.

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They aimed for Pete's office. He remembered what he was going to do, call Jerry. He got to a pay phone and tried the Blue Room, but the bartender had gone out when he'd have to take a chance on getting to his apartment. He could pick up a few dollars there and lay up in a hotel somewhere until the odds shifted in his favor. He was sure if he could get Leithen Gengras alone for ten minutes he'd know the name of Elouise's killer.

Gengras hadn't spoken two words of truth yet, but Pete was not to sweep it out of him, of course didn't grab either himself or Gengras first.

He approached his apartment reluctantly, stopping in the all-night drug store across the street for coffee and watching the entrance opposite him. A familiar figure came through the door, waited in the foyer to light a cigarette, then advanced into the room, pulling his hat low over his face, perhaps to shield it from the wind.

It was Jerry. Pete stood up and hurried across the street but the bartender was gone. He wondered what was on Jerry's mind, to look him up this time of night. He found the owner in his recessive green sitting in his big reading chair with a can in his lap.

It was Gengras. His eyes were glazed, crazy-looking. Petals of moisture leaked his forehead. Pete walked closer and Gengras raised the gun in his left hand.

"Get down," he lit up and "Cop'll be right over!" A faint growl roared, but mouth closed and he spoke breathlessly, as if he'd run a great distance.

"I scared you up," Gengras said. "You killed your wife." He held his

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AT ALL CHEMISTS

right hand tight made his cast.

"The hell," Pete growled quietly. "You beat me head in with that wooden figure for a shanty of stinking money. You're broken, Garigan."

The man in the chair made a sour face. "I needed dough," he grunted, vaguely. "She laughed at me when I asked for it." He snorted, dryly. "Laughed."

Pete winced. He remembered her snarling, bedeviled laughter. It had started just before she left him.

Garigan groaned again. "Stay in front. While I am watch you, I placed the cops over there with me, killed her in a jealous rage."

"You can't prove it."

"Death-bed statement. Fair game for it." He took out a deck of cards. "I said you blackmailed me to slay you. I pretended to do along, until I could get you to the cops."

"You're dying, Garigan."

"I'll last. Long enough."

"Who got you? Marigold?"

"That cheap rat! He was just after her money. She never story about divorce settlement."

"Sorry, then?"

"Leisure has set of St. Jerry's okay," Garigan grunted again. "You got me. Lookout!" His voice faded off. Pete walked up to him, cautiously.

Garigan had the gun down in his lap. Now he wasn't seeing any more. "Lou," he whispered. "She'll be

okay — she — shall be all right."

Now he wasn't hearing any more. Pete slipped his hands inside Garigan's cast. They came away sticky. He was soaked in blood. Probably hadn't washed. Garigan had an appointment with the cops, but he hadn't lived long enough.

If they proved Garigan's death on him — Pete saw the score in Lou's eyes. No, if he took the rap, it had to be for anything else but Garigan.

Why had Garigan gotten off? Pete punched him for the second, fifth, eighth. Nothing, but on the topmost pocket a mouse. Dead blood!

Every place on the circuit had been searched tonight. Except Garigan's house. If Garigan had done the shooting, all right. But Marigold? Or Jerry? He thought of how Garigan had died, and knew. He thought of Lou Garigan, all alone, waiting.

Suddenly, he had to get to Lou. He could explain all this later. He put one cast back on.

Two men were waiting for the elevator in the lobby. Had seen them before, the pianist-chamberlain at the Blue Lamp.

"Mr. Lockner, I presume?" the one and such a ratty boy.

"You'll find a body in my living room," Pete said. "They got Garigan."

"Yeah. We had her call. It's not

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"Darn, look," he said to nobody. "Better put the cuffs on her." Then he ran off to Marguerite.

"Oh, no. An old friend," he said, lugubriously. "Snow City Jimmy, the widow's favorite. I do declare! Quite a haul, the two of them."

"Well, mister!" Pete growled.

The cop turned on him, snarling: "Don't tell me you got another explanation?"

"That big book in Garrison's desk. Try the knife for size." Pete was trying hard. "I'm telling it like it is. Now he knew why Garrison had checked Marguerite—so that there wouldn't be any chance for the police to hear about the stolen money.

The cop snarled. "All right," he ordered. "The woman's man has got Garrison now. Take the knife out there and see what's right if it fits. I'll buy this guy a cigar."

It did. And the town of blood in Garrison's pocket was from Hitler Hill stuck the Balantine boys there after using it on her.

Garrison talked. He was offered \$1000 for an investment and she asked her boy friend, Garrison, what he thought. Garrison tried to cut himself in. When Elsie called him on it, he charged her.

Garrison, kill-crazy at the loss of his work, started Garrison trying to make him talk about the suddenly running out—which was still running.

Snatching the grey dog's twisted collar, Pete got to the Blue Lamp just before closing time.

"So the cat scratched you," Jerry said, respecting Pete's honor.

"Same cat," Pete said. "We have a German."

Jerry brought it, bairniful and smug.

"And," Pete added, "I'll take what Garrison left for his wife."

"There must be a mistake, chum." Jerry shook his head blearily.

Pete put an edge to his voice. "Don't be stupid. They could get you yet, as an accessory. For helping this Garrison in my room."

"I didn't," Pete said, "mention your name in the cops' But I might drop back by headquarters tonight."

Marguerite, the bartender went to the register on the backbar, pulled a round envelope from behind it. "Add a stamp," Pete said.

He put Garrison's name and office address on the upper left corner and addressed the envelope to Miss Garrison, at the Forest Hills address. Garrison wouldn't have left her \$1000 to pay for his funeral.

Jerry took off his apron and walked out. Pete sighed. He hoped the money would all be back on the friendly, same day. But he'd have to look for a new bar now, and a new bartender. He measured the Gibson Hill of a mile. Jerry made the only good one in town.

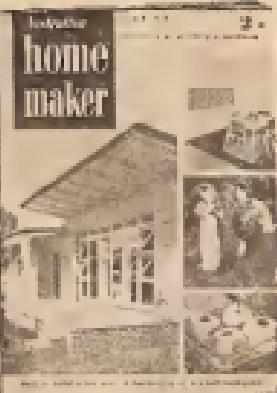
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# CELL TO LET

KATHLEEN RYAN

The master-key can handle himself his crime-caused penitentiary.

**G**OOD evening, Warden. Say, you look worried!" Jimmy Brown, reporter, pushed his hat to the back of his head and shuffled a chair. "One of your bed boys acting up?"

Warden Brown shook his head slowly. "I wish it were as simple as that," he said. "I can handle disturbances in prison. It's when a man leaves—a man who is better behind bars. That's when I sometimes worry."

"But don't we're your worry, Warden," objected Jimmy. "You're not responsible for a man after he gets out."

"I know, Jimmy!" Warden Brown smiled merrily. "But I'm worried about Jim Bellinger just the same. He's no good. A killer."

"Say I remember him," Jimmy said thoughtfully. "Covered his trial. Wasn't it about five years ago?"

Warden Brown nodded. "Bellinger got out today. He was a model prisoner, but I always had the feeling that he was just marking time. That he had some untried business to take care of when he was given his freedom. It wasn't anything that you could put your finger on. He didn't talk much when he was under—and—the way seemed crazy, but he talked at his sleep. The guard say he was always after a guy named Bill."

Jimmy grunted. "Well, that's typical of a man named Bill." He dragged himself reluctantly off the chair and started for the door. "See you again,

Warden. I'll keep my eyes and ears open. If I happen to notice anyone Bellinger in town I'll keep you informed."

+      +      +

Over on the other side of town Jim Bellinger crossed passing his usual barbershop and threw himself on the bench.

A wave of hatred swept over him like an evil shadow and left him trembling. He had always hated Bill Hayes. Even in the days when they just passed drunk from the courthouse over on the East Side Bill had invariably squirmed when he got caught. After doing time in reform school, Bill had got himself a job and led gone straight. Well, as far as Jim was concerned, that was just dandy. As long as Bill kept out of his hair, he didn't care what he did.

Jim almost forgot about Bill—until the night Bill used to pull the bank job. Bill had recognized him lurking outside the bank and had motioned the police. They had caught him red-handed. He didn't have a chance. It was the last time that Bill would ever speak to him. All I can he was going over to Bill's rooming house to kill him.

Sleekly the minutes ticked on. He got up in a nervous, commanding posture, pacing the room again. At a quarter to two he put on his overcoat, turned up his collar, pulled a hat well down over his eyes. Five minutes later he was out on the street.

Bill lived just two blocks over. In all Mrs. Benson's rooming house shouldn't be hard to break into (that part, he thought). He had tried there once himself. There was a back window he used to use when he was on as a job. Mrs. Benson had an uncanny knowledge of the time that her roomers got in via the front door.

"Get a match, buddy?" Dan whirled around, his hand gripping the gun in his covered pocket. But the shabby man who asked the question didn't look dangerous. He looked down at his pocket, silently handing out a match. The man recited something and shuffled off in the darkness.

Mrs. Benson's rooming house was in the middle of the block, separated from its neighbors by a narrow lane.

He walked slowly by the house, noted that it was in complete darkness. From the sidewalk he could see a white sign on the front door, but he wasn't very anxious.

"Probably room to let," he muttered to himself. Then he saw a dry shrub. Twice over she could change that sign to rooms to let.

Dan looked quickly up and down the dark street before he cracked into the lane and made his way to the back of the house. Then he went to the kitchen window and raised it partly.

There was a pencil stool in the house. Like nothing he had ever seen before. He cracked for a minute, then held his breath so hard he had been hoard. But there was no

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around. He shivered slightly. It felt like a dead house.

He crept across the kitchen and opened the door that led into the hall. The smell was even stronger there. His eyes started to water and his head felt unusually light. He staggered toward the stairs.

Funny how much effort it took to climb them! He would just sit down for a minute and rest. It wouldn't matter if Bill lived a few minutes longer . . . few minutes . . . longer

+ + +

"Hello, Mrs. Weston Brown on the phone, will you, please?" Doctor Schuman was plenty excited. "Hello, Weston? I've got news for you. You don't have to worry any more about Max Hollinger. He was found dead in a rooming house over on the other side of town."

"No . . . no, he wasn't shot. He died under most unusual circumstances. It seems that old Mrs. Brown who runs the place decided to call in some fortunetelling experts to destroy the routines and fears that have been causing the item of her revenues unbearable."

"Well, the fortunetellers arrived last evening and used some new kind of poison, spraying it around the house. No one was to be allowed back into the house for thirty-six hours."

"Seems that the fumes are as fatal to humans as they are to the bugs. In fact, the next thing is right on the front door when they left, warning people of the dangers."

"What's that, Weston? Oh, he crawled in a window at the back. I guess he never even saw the sign. And, Weston, when Hollinger talked in his sleep he told the truth. Yeah . . . he was out gunning for a guy named Bill."

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## UICK UIPS

One of the joys of life is a child. It also represents one of the trials of life. But life is never dull when children are around. Still, you have to raise them firmly. From now on that may be harder, because the cure is disappearing from schools. Which could mean fewer scholarship holders.

But don't think that children are not punished. They are—they grow up and become parents.

One young fellow was learning the piano. When he returned home from his lesson one day, his mother said "What did the music teacher think of your rendition of the 'Morning, Noon and Night?'" The lad groaned and replied "After a few bars, he told me to call it a day."

That same lad called his dad "Muffin" because he didn't often bath.

Which reminds us of another lad. He played his violin only at night, because musicians told him the strings come from a kitten.

Kids know so much about things. One lad said to his brother "Man says the stock brought you and Alice—and me as well." His brother gave a very grim "Yeah, I know," he said. "There ain't been a natural birth in this family for years."

Oh for adolescence again. Of

course, you know that adolescence is the age when you know why a striped evening gown is held up, but you don't know how.

And it isn't the cost of a snapshot given which causes—it's the upkeep.

When kids are in their teens, they are impossible girls. Like one chap who spent hours gloating over his appearance. He was shopped about by his father. The lad told his old man "I don't think I am handsome, but what's my opinion against a mirror?"

A lot of High School graduates still end a sentence with a prepos.

If you are a parent, here is a hint. The best time to redesignate your house is when the children are old enough to suggest it.

If you are a youth remember proverbs are short sentences based on long experience. Remember, also, that no man becomes wise through his father's knowledge.

Then, of course, there is the classic remark of George Bernard Shaw. The great man said "Youth is a wonderful thing. What a pity to waste it on children."

We know of a mother who went to a bazaar sale in Sydney. There we will let the master speak.



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